THE PRESENT AGE.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 364 WARREN AVENUE. *The art of thinking is the key to philosophy; the perfection of the intellect is nothing but its mastery.* NEW YORK OFFICE, 213 WEST 23D ST

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At Home and Abroad.

"The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature."—*Bacon.*

LOVE UNEXPRESSED.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

The sweetest notes among the human heart-strings
Are dull with rust;
The sweetest cords adjusted by the angels
Are clogged with dust;
We pipe and pipe again our dreary music
Upon the self-same strains,
While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation,
Come back in sad refrains.

On through the world we go, an army marching,
With listening ears,
Each longing, sighing, for the heavenly music
He never hears;
Each longing, sighing, for a word of comfort,
A word of tender praise,
A word of love to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us, and we know it; this suffices
For reason's share,
Why should they pause to give that love expression
With gentle care?
Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching
With the gnawing pain
Of hungry love, that longs to hear the music,
And longs, and longs in vain.

We love them, and they know it; if we falter,
With fingers numb,
Among the unused strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb.
We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid,
And, side by side with those we love the dearest,
In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence
Its fate fulfills,
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
Beyond the distant hills.
The only difference of the love in heaven
From love on earth below
Is: Here we love and know not how to tell it,
And there we all shall know.

Appletons' Journal.

THE NEW ENGLISH WRITER.

We are sure our readers will thank us for calling their attention to the works of Mr. B. L. Farjean, the new English writer upon whom it is claimed the mantle of Dickens has fallen. These works are "Grief," "Joshua Marvel," and "Blade-o' Grass." Probably no writer of fiction ever received a speedier recognition from the public than has been accorded to this author. "Grief," by its originality and charming freshness of style, delighted the reading public, and awakened high expectations concerning the young author that his subsequent works have not in the least disappointed.

"Joshua Marvel" is full of vigor and beauty, and "Blade-o' Grass" is unrivalled in its exquisite pathos. Like Charles Dickens, this writer is keenly alive to the sufferings of the poor, many of whom poverty has driven into crime, and with a pen rivalled only by the master pen so recently stilled by death, he portrays the wrongs and pleads the cause of the poverty-stricken sons and daughters of humanity, who, together with the rich and great, the proud and happy, are children of one Father, and entitled to a just share of the broad, ample inheritance bequeathed by his beneficence to his entire family.

No one can read these charming books without feeling their better nature deeply moved by them. They are published by the Messrs Harper in their Library of select standard works of fiction.

We present a few gems from "Joshua Marvel."

Golden Cloud had evidently learned the lesson that to try always to do one's duty is the sweetest thing in life.

Did ever a woman fail, except from physical or mental prostration, in the accomplishment of a certain thing upon which she has set her mind? And if in working for the accomplishment of the desired result, she brings to her aid an unselfish, unwearying love *then* did ever a woman fail?

The memory of times that are gone is too often blurred by waves of sorrowful circumstance. Our lives are like old pictures; the canvas grows wrinkled and the accumulated dust of years lies heavy upon figures that once were bright and fair. But neither dust nor wrinkles can obliterate the memory of the love we bore to the boy-friend with whom we used to wander in fields that were greener, beneath skies that were bluer, than fields and skies are now.

"Look at me!" said the enthusiastic sailor. "Here am I—I don't know how many years old, and that's a fact—I've lived on the sea from when I was a boy; and I've been blown by rough winds; and I've been blinded by storms, and I've been wrecked on rocky coasts and I've been as near death, ay, a score of times, as most men have been. Lord love you, my dear! All we've got to do is to do our duty; and when we are called aloft, we can say 'ay, ay, sir!' with a brave heart."

The means by which we are brought to a knowledge of ourselves are, oftentimes very strange. The majority of us go down to our graves without suspecting that there are powerful forces hidden within us, which, had opportunity for display been allowed them, would have materially altered the tenor of our lives, whether for good or for evil.

The influences which actuate mental feeling are so delicate and various, that it is difficult even to the most profound pathognomists to dissect the commonest of motives, and rightly account for it. We all pride ourselves, in a greater or less degree, upon our knowledge of character, and believe that we know full well what prompted So-and-so to do such-and-such a thing. But in truth, in nothing do we show more ignorance than in arrogating to ourselves the power of divining character and motive. Strive as we may to be just and calm and reasonable—strive as we may to banish for the time the small feelings of uncharitableness which we are conscious of harboring, and which neccessarily warp our judgment, we must from very necessity argue in a certain measure from our own point of view. Otherwise we should be infallible and juries would never return a wrong verdict, and judges would never commit an error of judgment. Otherwise rogues would have their due; and some of them would not, as they do now, live in fine houses and eat and drink of the best. It is impossible to put yourself in another man's place.

Stephen and Rachel Homebush were a hard-featured, morose-looking couple, whose piety was generally recognized as unimpeachable, but whose good nature was certainly open to question. And this induces the reflection, that it is singular how often piety and sourness go hand-in-hand. It almost seems as if, with the majority of so-called pious people, religious contemplation chills the generous impulse, and hardens the heart instead of softening it. The light of truth falls on them not like a dew, but like a miasma.

But we will close our extracts here trusting we have given enough to awaken in our readers a desire to know more of the author of such charming prose poems, and such condensed homilies of wisdom as abound in these books.

JAPAN ACKNOWLEDGING THE SUPREMACY OF OUR CIVILIZATION.

The revolution now going on in one of the oldest dynasties of the earth, is certainly one of the most extraordinary and significant of all the numerous signs of the times. It shows how universally the spirit of the day, which is progress in the broadest sense, is at work turning and overturning, revolutionizing and reforming systems that are heavy with age, penetrating even the most zealously guarded and secluded retreats of religious mysticism.

The Japanese embassy now with us affords proof positive of the character of the revolution that is progressing in that curious land, so long and so sacredly guarded from sacrilegious contact with the other civilizations of the earth. Mr. Mori, the resident minister from Japan devotes his entire time to studying the character of our institutions. Young Japanese of both sexes are being sent here for education. Men skilled in our agricultural and financial systems are invited to Japan, and the cordiality with which they are received and the generosity with which they are compensated show how genuinely in earnest the Japanese are in their desire for a higher and better civilization.

The present embassy is composed of men of refinement and culture. The following speech of Iwakuree, the chief embassador in response to the address of welcome of the Speaker of the House of Representatives is so admirable in its spirit, that we are moved to give place to it entire.

Mr. Speaker and Honorable Members of the House of Representatives of the United States: On behalf of the embassadors of Japan, our sovereign, and the people whom we represent we tender to you our sincere thanks and warmest friendship. We fully appreciate the distinguished honor which places us face to face in the presence of that mighty power which rules the great American republic. Governments are strong when built upon the hearts of an enlightened people. We came for enlightenment and gladly find it here. Journeying eastward from the empire of the sunrise toward the sunrising we daily behold a new sunrise beyond the one we before enjoyed. New knowledge rises daily before us; and when a completed trip shall have passed in review of an encircled globe, we shall gather together our treasures of knowledge remembering that, however we have advanced toward the sources of light, each onward move has revealed a further step beyond.

The government of Japan already appreciates the value of an enlightened policy toward itself and all nations; but our united assurances on our return will confirm to the people at large the friendliness of feeling so frequently expressed heretofore, and now so generously exhibited to the embassy. In the future an extended commerce will unite our national interests by a thousand forms, as drops of water commingle flowing from our several rivers to that common ocean that divides our countries. Let us express the hope that our national friendship may be as difficult to sunder or estrange as to divide the once blended drops composing our common Pacific Ocean.

For the PRESENT AGE.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RACHEL TRUE.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

I am satisfied that experience must be infinite, and I know not but it is also eternal. It is God's education of the spirit; and as we must suppose that there can be no cessation of education until infinite knowledge be gained, we can but feel that our steps toward God must always be through some new thought born of a new experience. Then I am glad continually that my experiences began early and are likely to end late. Our sympathies are so many little cords stretching out in all directions bringing us into clear and intimate relations with other hearts, so that we feel as with them and for them, and know more and more of the expression of infinite tenderness and pity.

I think I felt this very early, for I remember my little brother's sorrows became my own, and his little joys sent thrills of gladness into my heart as pleasurable as those that came from that which belonged to me. I think too that I expected him to share in mine, and I was not content if he was kept in doors while I was free to roam abroad. I remember distinctly the first day that I carried him down to my sacred haunt, the green meadow, and wet his feet in the morning dew, and the reproof I received when I took him back again, carrying him through the rough places with an energy and will beyond my strength.

After this followed many sly visits to the flowers, and the butterflies, and the cool shadows and sunny nooks. I soon taught him to be very quiet lest some one should detain us, and to throw away all his telltale flowers before we reached home. Thus it was that a tempting deceit was spreading its net-work about my heart, and I was learning and teaching daily lessons of hypocrisy.

But now as I look back upon those days I see how they first grew out of a mistaken idea of health and its requirements in my mother, and the end seems now as one of those great lessons with a finger pointing to it, so noticeable and plain that no one could mistake its meaning. On one of our rambles I let my brother slip into the clear water of the brook. I was in dismay as I looked on his wet garments, and thought at first to run home with him at once, but his smile, always so sweet, was intensified into an expression of ecstatic joy, and so I was tempted to take off his frock and dry it on the bushes while I wrapped him up in my apron and sang baby songs to him until he fell asleep. When he wakened I dressed him and carried him home, for a prophetic tenderness seemed even then to fill my heart.

In two days after that my pet and darling lay fevered and moaning in his little crib, and my mother spoke softly to me, and hushed my voice and bade me not to cry, and I went down in the meadows and picked the sweetest flowers and laid them on his pillow and waited for his smile of pleasure, but it never came! In a few days they told me he was dead. I had never known what death was, and so I was not afraid, and crept into the room as usual and put my hand on his.

Is there anything that can equal in terrible reality that touch of a dead hand? It filled me at once with a nameless terror. I screamed and fled, I knew not where. It was to my mother's arms, who, weak and pale, held me with a trembling tenderness that I can now hardly understand. There was in it so much of self-forgetfulness and yet of self-care, of desire to help me and yet fear for herself, that I knew not what it meant and only felt that it did not satisfy me. Now I know that there was another life held in her hands besides my own, that she feared for and yet hardly remembered, as she sought to comfort me. I had never told her of our misadventure and had almost forgotten it, when as if by an inspiration it flashed into my mind as the cause of my loss, and my dreadful possession. For I felt as if there was something in me that I could never lose—a sense of guilt.

My mother held my face between her hands and looked into my eyes as if to read there some lesson of hope and faith and consolation. I could not resist the pleading eye, and I told her all. She held my hand gently at first but soon gave it a sharp pressure as if in punishment, and let me slide off her lap. A feeling of desolation came over me, and with it a spirit of defiance. I crept softly out of the room and ran down to my favorite haunt. There was in me the same impulse that has often come to me since in my moments of weakness, as if I would hide myself anywhere and never be found—as if in the great shadow of solitude I could flee from sorrow.

There they found me after nightfall sleeping sweetly and in no way harmed, for dew was my panacea, and damp and cold my strength. I remember it was my father that bore me in his arms, and took off my garments and put me in bed and staid by me until I fell asleep. It was a bright moonlight night, and I awakened with the full light shining on my face. It is only mothers that remember to shade the light and draw the curtains and look with the instinct of prophecy to what may be. I rubbed my eyes and roused myself to a sense of what had been. The terror of death had all gone in the greater terror of living, and I crept very softly into the darkened room where my brother lay. I could just see his little form covered with white drapery, and the great longing to tell him all I had suffered and how very sorry I was, came over me. I reached up and moved the cover from his face. A pale moonbeam through a crack in the shutter fell on his golden hair. I kissed his lips, and then told him the whole story of my sorrow. I said "You must be sure and tell mamma all about it, for I am so sorry but I can't tell her so." There was a little rustle in the room and my mother stood beside me. The ineffable smile of sweetness that distinguished her from all other women was on her face, and I felt myself forgiven, but I said not a word. I slept by her side the rest of the night, and wakened with her arms about me in the morning. That clasp of love saved me. I am sure of it. I learned in that tenderness the whole grandeur and beauty of God's forgiveness. I don't think I ever doubted it after that, for myself or others.

And then came into my consciousness all the terror and consequences of deception. I felt as if all in a moment I was unveiled, and that nothing could ever cover up again the folly of my acts. I was indeed then christened *Rachel True.* But when I ask myself what I should have been if my mother had loved me less, if she had kept up that hard pressure until it reached my heart, then it is I grow pitiful of others. I must believe that lying and deceit are oftenest induced by fear and restraint, and are not natural to the spirit. We do not like shams. If we pick a scarlet leaf for a berry we are chagrined. I remember once being sent to ride, when a little older than my story with a spruce quiet young man, of whom I was in such awe that I hardly dared speak or lean back comfortably in the carriage. But seeing a large clump of bright red winter-green berries, I could not help exclaiming, and the carriage was stopped with what to me seemed a great deal of trouble when my beautiful berries proved to be only a clump of scarlet leaves. My intense mortification as if in some way I had been guilty of partaking in a deception has left its vivid memory on me to this day, and as I think of it I feel as if this innate sense of the degradation of deceit proves that truth only satisfies the spirit, and anything like sham is the soul's abhorrence.

I do not remember the details of all that I have related but they have been told me in sweet moments of my mother's appreciative sympathy. But the effect of it all needed no memory; it was a part of myself. I had outlived a condition and been brought as through fire to the inner sanctuary of my own spirit. I was purged from the false and untrue. But there was born in me also a great pity for all who stood where I had been. I listened with thrilling interest to the tales of wrong and evil resulting from some first indecision. I avoided even the appearance of deceit, and claimed from others equal openness, but never condemned one who had reaped the sad consequences of untruth. For had I not suffered the whole terror of the law?

A little after my brother's death my mother fell ill and ever after walked with a slower step and had deeper shadows around her eyes, and I lost the sense of past sorrow in a great fear which pursued me in my plays and studies until it became the talisman of my life.

NOTES.

An interesting account from the *London Spiritual Magazine* for March of an experiment at Mr. Guppy's to get manifestations of spirit forms and faces.

Some square windows were cut at different elevations on the wooden sides of a dark room used for photographic purposes, with a little curtain behind each window to exclude the light. About a dozen guests were recently invited to witness the experiments, among them Miss Kate Fox, but owing to ill health that lady was unable to attend, or more decided manifestations would probably have occurred, as the spirits specially desired her presence. Mr. Guppy asked all his guests in turn to enter the empty dark room and search it. Which being done, Mrs. Guppy and another lady were told by the raps to enter it. The company sat outside the cabinet; the full moon shone directly through the window, so that everything in the room even to the pattern of the paper pasted over the cabinet could be distinctly seen. The two ladies inside kept their faces at the opening of the lower window, laughing and talking to their friends outside. Suddenly a third face appeared at one of the upper openings and all three faces were seen at the same time for perhaps two minutes by all the witnesses; but the light was not strong enough for those outside to indentify the features of the spirit. The face was small and much whiter than the faces of the two mediums below; there was something white upon the head like lace or a small cap. Raps said "*I am Lily.*"

Lily was the late Mrs. Ritchie, better known as Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt. She was a spiritualist, and before her death she often said she would come back again at seances if she could.

After the face had been at the opening about two minutes, it moved away sideways with a tremulous motion. After some minutes it came tremulously back again, and the Countess de Pomar (a friend of Mrs. Ritchie) said, "Are you Lily? There is not enough light for me to identify you." The face bowed three times and then went away. After prolonged intervals, it appeared two or three times more, but only for a moment each time. Once a larger face appeared for an instant said to be the face of "Katie."

The ladies in the cabinet said they saw the spirit at full length, apparently floating in the air, and to them she appeared phosphorescent. To the witnesses outside the face of the spirit was as opaque as the faces of the mediums below, and if it could have borne a strong light might undoubtedly have been photographed.

MR. ALFRED R. WALLACE, in this same number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, which, by the way, is an exceedingly interesting number, has an article entitled, "No antecedent Impossibility in Miracles: a Reply to Modern Objectors." From it we cull the following points of interest relating to the blunders scientific men have committed in relation to new discoveries. Coming from one of the most distinguished scientists of the day, this article is worthy special note:

Another objection which I have heard stated in public, and received with applause, is that it requires immense scientific knowledge to decide on the reality of any uncommon or incredible facts, and that till scientific men investigate and prove them they are not worthy of credit. Now I venture to say that a greater fallacy than this was never put forth. The subject is a very important one, and the error is a very common one, but the fact is the exact opposite of what is stated; for I assert that whenever the scientific men of any age have denied the facts of investigations on *a priori* grounds, they have *always been wrong.*

It is not necessary to do more than refer to the world-known names of *Galileo, Harvey* and *Jenner*; the great discoveries they made were as we know, violently opposed by all their scientific contemporaries, to whom they appeared absurd and incredible, but we have equally striking examples much nearer our own day. When Benjamin Franklin brought the subject of lightning conductors before the Royal Society, he was laughed at as a dreamer, and his paper was not admitted to the *Philosophical Transactions.* When Young put forth his won-

[*Concluded on Fourth Page.*]

THE DEAD HOUSE.

Here once my step was quickened,
Here beckoned the opening door,
And welcome thrilled from the threshold
To the foot it had known before.

A glow came forth to meet me
From the flame that laughed in the grate,
And shadows adance on the ceiling,
Danced blither with mine for a mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned the arm-chair,
"This corner, you know, is your seat;"
"Rest your slippers on me," beamed the fender,
"I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practiced finger,"
Said the books, "that seems like brain;"
And the shy page rustled the secret
It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once quivered
On nightingales' throats that flew
Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz
To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah me, where the past sowed heart's ease,
The present plucks rue for us men!
I come back; that scar unhealing
Was not in the church-yard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered,
I will go and beg to look
At the rooms that were once familiar
To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered! Alas, for the sameness
That makes the change but more!
'Tis a dead man I see in the mirrors,
'Tis his tread that chills the floor!

To learn such a simple lesson
Need I go to Paris and Rome,
That the many may make the household,
But only one the home?

'Twas just a womanly presence,
An influence unexprest,
But a rose she had worn, on my grave-sod
Were more than long life with the rest!

'Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's rustle,
'Twas nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine I would close the shutters,
Like lids when the life is fled,
And the funeral fire should wind it,
This corpse of a home that is dead.

For it died that autumn morning
When she, its soul, was borne
To lie all dark on the hillside
That looks over woodland and corn.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

THE POWER OF THE INVISIBLE.

Synopsis of Lecture by Lyman C. Howe, reported for the PRESENT AGE.

Man in the flesh lays great stress upon the visible, the objective, that which is tangible to the senses. But as mind ascends progressively, it takes successively deeper hold upon eternal principles, and everything seen through the flesh is known to be transient, the mere temporal effect of eternal cause. In proportion as man's spiritual nature is cultivated does he grasp the invisible, whence radiate all these external results. Thus the materialist, the skeptic, the bigot, looking upon effects only through the eyes of the flesh, have not taken hold upon the principles of divine law. Divine law? All laws, all things are divine, but we use the phrase in the sense of appreciation of its mystic operations. God, the author of all causation, projects his thought, the effect is the material universe. And this in turn, in its several operations, becomes a cause to certain effects, and so perpetually does each effect in turn become a cause to a succeeding effect. In the structure of man, the senses are directly bounded by the flesh, their medium of expression; but the senses live while the flesh fades away. You are prone to look upon that only as real which you can see, hear and touch; and these are not the real, the enduring, but only a temporal medium to subserve a temporal knowledge. Your bodies, summed up in the expression of bone, muscle, nerve, and vital organs, are projections of an invisible power. So is the entire world of matter a projection of spirit force.

There is not a substance, a body, or a world that is eternal in one particular state; it is destined to assume new forms in new combinations. Chemistry reveals the fact that the same simple substance may manifest itself in different states. For example, the diamond and charcoal are but different states of the same element, carbon. Yet how directly reverse the characteristics of the one from the other: the diamond the type of hardness, clearness, brilliancy; the charcoal opaque, black, soiling whatsoever it comes in contact with. Then these two are but different states of the same substance, the different degree of development wrought by the agency of some invisible power beyond the reach of chemical science. Light is an invisible power; you do not see light itself, but only its manifestations through the atmosphere. Get outside of the atmosphere, if it were possible, and you could not perceive light. Why? Not but that it is traveling through space just the same, but because the medium (the atmosphere) is wanting, through which alone it is enabled to appeal to your physical senses. In a vacuum you cannot perceive light. You do not absolutely see any object itself, but only the radiation thereof. Another of nature's most potential agents is electricity. Yet none have ever seen it, and you are made aware of its existence only through its effects. But as you shake off the husk of the outward, ascend into the region of the spiritual, and your senses approximate the interior of the temple of life, you will be able to see and more clearly trace the modes of operation of these subtle fluids for which you now grope through a cloud of mystery.

But if the spiritual state is superior and to be desired, why should we live at all in the flesh? We hold that there is nothing but what ought to be. A residence in this form is therefore essential to evoke the power and develop the strength and resources of the spirit through its struggles with the flesh. Again: A sojourn in the body is essential to hold the spirit in relationship to its past, whose forms and shadows, as effects, are impressed upon it, reflected in it, that it may act as a historic mirror in which we may look and see ourselves as we have been. It is a law of nature that nothing can analyize itself; so it is only in rising to a higher state that it is enabled to see and understand itself in the lower. There is a motto of great significance: "Know thyself." It is well that you should strive to obey this injunction, for in so doing you are carried a step forward toward its accomplishment, but the full accomplishment itself is not attainable. Our *present* self we can never know *entirely*; if we could, we could know God. The *soul* needs anticipation. It is a large element of happiness; were it stricken out of your life, that life would be a blank; you could not think, plan, or act. Ascending the steeps of spiritual culture you find other senses than the five senses of the physical. The clairvoyant, the psychometric, the prophetic—each, so far as the outward man is concerned, is a new sense.

We may see the manifestation of power but cannot see the power itself. Mark the great engine as it whirls on its miles of travel; where is the force that impels it? You answer, steam. But steam of itself has no power; it is simply vaporized water; the real agent is an invisible something called *heat*, the agent in producing expansion. So the particles of water move easily among themselves; but presently its temperature falls, or in other words heat is withdrawn from them enabling the power of cohesive attraction to assert its supremacy, the surface roughens, the particles crystallize, and by and by the liquid becomes a solid mass that may endure the weight of many tons. And again, this solid, under the influence of the sun's rays, making restoration of its heat, may become re-converted into a liquid and thence into a vaporous or gaseous form.

As we come to analyze life in man, we find the manifestations of an unseen power as revealed through the intellect, the sympathies, the will—that power which can control even the latent forces pent up in the engine, the lightning, the air, and make them act as errand boy to the race. We hold, moreover, that a spirit influence has more power than you in the flesh. For that power advances, and as it advances takes on a new form of development, and as it progresses so does its affinity for the grosser forms weaken. And yet it may, through the power of sympathy, project its influence down to the crudest matter from the highest spiritual centers. Substances always act or are acted upon according to the inherent law of their being. Projections of light through liquids and solids are according to the peculiar laws of their constitution, and result in the reflection of the individual color of each substance. The snow-flake is peculiar to that form of vapor which alone can develop the crystals of a snow-flake.

As you move toward the grave, descending the slope of life almost a fossil, your senses dulled to influences that surround you, as you lay off the mortal—the outward mirror through which the world has looked to see your nature, you are prone to feel that with it all is gone. But no; it is the shadow only that is lost; the fact that you do not see the invisible reality that remains, does not make that entity immaterial. When you sit for your likeness before the camera, your face does not really touch the plate, but only the projected sphere of what you are. When the plate is sufficiently sensitized by adequate media the forms of the invisible can be made to appear. The time is not far distant when the most stubborn intellect will acknowledge the power of the invisible made visible, of the unheard made audible. A word in reference to spirit life as connected with this law. That which is visible to you in an outward sense, is, in our interior sense invisible. Exalted spirits do not see directly the material crudities of your world, but only through that sympathy that reaches from God to the granite. This sympathy is linked to the material universe in two ways: Through memory that never dies, whose utterance breathes from infancy on and upward through centuries and gives an abiding consciousness of our own past relations to matter. Your memory is connected with millions of other memories. Further, the spiritual atmosphere of the overworld is in tender sympathy with your world. The spirit world forms a battery, taking on the sympathies of the flesh and sees the shadows of time as you see them. As you ascend in the scale of spirituality and become more directly alive to what seems now invisible, that invisible becomes the visible and the real. Spirit life is not so unlike your own earth life. You do not enter into it as upon a state of dreaming unreality, but as upon a condition and surroundings as real and tangible as those of your physical existence. Yea, it is the invisible that is the real, while the physical forms which your senses have taught you to recognize as the real, are fleeting shadows, from hour to hour fading away.

For the Present Age.

THE SCIENCE OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY JOHN BROWN SMITH.

In the evolution of human life, it becomes necessary whenever the tendencies of advanced thought demand it, to recur to fundamental principles, in order to determine whether they have been buried underneath the debris of the past.

The development of the basic ideas of religion has been very fragmentary, beginning in the early traditions of Pagan religions, and culminating in the Pagan, Jewish, and Christian creeds of the centuries. These creeds always provided a plan for saving the spirit, but did not provide a trinity of salvations for the three fold natures of man—spirit, mind, and body; the only common element recognized by them being natural religion.

Jesus, that bold innovator on Jewish customs, brought the genuine light of truth to the surface, by his searching analysis of the religions of the past, and the ever living inspiration of the present; but the rudimental condition of science prevented even *him* from comprehending the vital necessity of saving the whole man, and his followers failed to comprehend even his demonstration of immortality, but appropriated the mythological ceremonies and dogmas of both Pagans and Jews which have marked sectarianism. Jesus gave signs by which his followers might be known, such as healing the sick by the laying on of hands, speaking with unknown and prophetic tongues, and even doing mightier things than he had done.

The followers of creeds by their works give more or less evidence of but partially comprehending the teachings of the gentle and peace-loving Nazarene; but at best they are all *isms*, clinging to the shadow of the dogmas, and undemonstrable theories which savor of the mythologies of antiquity.

All radical innovators against accepted theories have been foreshadowed in the advanced thought of the age preceding them. John the Baptist is continually preaching in the wilderness of the air we breathe, filling it with great reformatory movements, ready for assimilation into our spiritual forces. A new grand movement is foreshadowed at the present time, by the advanced thinkers in every department of reform, which demands a scientific religion that will prove adequate to the needs of man's entire nature.

It will be based on immortality as demonstrated by Jesus, and the phenomena of modern Spiritualism.

It will define the God of science as an infinite union of individualized spirit, which in its ultimate perfection is power, motion, intelligence, instinct, love and purity.

It will recognize the sacredness of all life in man's condition or phase of evolution; and demonstrate that self-development in every living thing includes the "inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," in the way demanded by the instincts, and spiritual intuitions; but this right must ever bend to universal humanitarian principles which recognize a common brotherhood in all nature.

Its creed can never be written on parchment because progression means continuous change, with a new creed written on every human soul, with each revolution of the wheel of progress.

All reformatory movements are projected in the world of spirit, and have their incipient periods of preparation and culmination when the ball is put in motion in its truthfulness and grandeur. If signs mean anything the latter stage of growth is at hand. We will give a practical illustration of the far reaching efficacy of the scientific religion of the future.

Animals live surrounded by thousands of poisonous plants, but their acute instincts teach them what to avoid, and what to use as food. Man with his more perfect and sensitive organization ought to have finer instincts; but he is far below the animals in the world of instinct, because of his morbid conditions of body induced by an abnormal civilization.

Again we find that the methods adopted for training in schools and institutions of learning are very faulty because of the false system of cramming the mind with the effete ideas and methods of thought of the great men of the past, thus cramping that mental freedom and individual originality of thought which of right belong to every mind.

We might carry these methods of analysis into the physical, emotional, and spiritual elements of man, and find as much chaos as in the mental and instinct nature, hence the necessity exists for a scientific religion which will analyze the wants of every department of human nature, and supply the proper plan of salvation, thus saving all who will, when they are ready to accept it.

In conclusion, this grand science of human life will inaugurate a revolution of peace, which will in all future time substitute the doctrine of right for that of might, and the real for the vague ideal, thus insuring that practice will keep pace with precept.

It will aim to organize and put in motion forces that will prevent the war and bloodshed which must come this generation between creedism and liberalism, unless the people become thoroughly enlightened in relation to the true condition of things. It requires better generals to organize by voice and pen a movement which will overthrow the causes of war by the mental, magnetic, and electric fire of Heaven's artillery, than to organize and lead in the destruction of life and property.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

LATEST ADVICES.—Winter is lingering in the lap of spring.

For the Present Age.

"SHALL SPIRITUALISTS VOTE?"

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The AGE of March 16th contains an editorial with the above heading. As the writer pleases to shield himself behind the editorial chair, I do not choose to mention his name. The urbane editor-in-chief, can never be confounded, however, with this writer whose spleen and bitterness too often overmaster his judgment, and taint his praise even, with a touch of malice.

Exceedingly do I regret the necessity, but the reckless misstatement and disregard for the truth in stating my position require at least a brief explanation.

I have never said Spiritualists should not vote; I said the contrary. But they should vote as men, not as Spiritualists.

I did not say Spiritualism was devoid of principles; I said distinctive principles. In my "Arcana of Spiritualism" I have attempted to present as "general statements" the principles on which the majority of Spiritualists agree, and consequently it is not necessary to refer me to various sources for these "distinctive principles." That it has such, fundamentally different from all other systems, I deny, and I challenge the "writer" to bring forward a single one, which is entirely original, and exclusive to Spiritualism. When he accepts, it will be time to discuss that point. The great value of Spiritualism is its demonstration of propositions almost as old as the race.

The creation of a party, can have but one significance, to push forward Spiritualism by force thus created. I confess I have no confidence in such measures. We should find that angel ministrations would fall as the golden sunlight on all parties alike, and our "distinctive spiritual" party would be the least spiritual of all.

Perhaps I have stultified myself, but should a Presbyterian convention, declare an "onslaught" on this government, and put forward the claim that Presbyterianism should be allowed a voice distinctively its own, the language would yield no invective sufficiently intense to express the scorn of this same editor.

"Mr. Tuttle may rhapsodize and poetize, but he sees too little perhaps of active life to be sure of the truth of his assertions."

From remotest time quiet and seclusion have been considered essential conditions of spirit control. The cavern, the wilderness, the retirement of the temple have been sought, and in our own time even, the members of the circle often invalidate the communications received through the best of media, by some unknown antagonism, or subtile influence. When it is said that spirit-communion is most potent and truthful in the wildest throb of life, the writer states what every observer knows to be incorrect. If the character of some of our public media and lecturers may be regarded as results of "active life," we can but think a little less "activity," would have been better for their moral development.

Ah, my friend and brother, you are older, and should be wiser than I, but you have an important lesson to learn. What you or I think or write on *any* subject is of little consequence, the question is: have we the truth? not, do we think we have? Our judgments may err, and what we consider our chief wisdom may in the end be folly. Here is what you have to learn; trampling on an opponent with rude feet, does not prove your cause. It is easy to indulge in the use of epithets; to misrepresent, and lose sight of principles in personal abuse, but no great measure was ever carried in that manner. I might retort with as sharp a pen as yours, and as I suppose you do not claim an immaculate personality, I might make a draught the more bitter because a little truth was sprinkled in with the gall, but would the cause for which we both labor in our different ways, be advanced thereby?

You mistake yourself, and you widely mistake me when you begin such warfare. I shall not even set you right again, for if you can afford to descend to such means to carry your measures, I certainly can afford to let you do it.

To me, Spiritualism has a significance so broad and deep that individual opinions and personalities are of little moment. Its advent sought not our aid, and its great tide shall thrill the hearts of generations, long after all our little efforts in its behalf are forgotten.

TO DEVELOP TALENT.—Place a man in a position that will fearfully tax him and try him; a position that will often bring the blush to his cheek and the sweat to his brow; a position that will overmaster him at times, and cause him to rack his brain for resource. Place him in a position like this: but every time he trips go to his rescue: go not with words of blame or censure, but go with manful words of encouragement; look him boldly in the eye, and speak them with soul and emphasis. This is the way to make a man of a boy, and a giant of a man. If a man has pluck and talent, no matter whether he ever filled a given position or not, put him in it, if worthy, and he soon will not only fill it, but outgrow it. But put one in a position with a faint heart—this is the way to kill him. Put him in grandly, with most unmistakable confidence. Drop no caveats but boldly point the way, and then stand by with the will and countenance of a true friend. Thus try twenty men, such as have been named, and nineteen will succeed.

Correspondence.

LIBERALISM IN PHILADELPHIA.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—As I write (Sunday evening) the church bells of our city are making terrible clamor in the effort of calling their orthodox devotees together for worship. I can but think how very like the noisy discordant tones of their bells, designed for chimes, are their diversified, conflicting creeds yet "compassing sea and land to make one proselyte." The reflective looker-on, need be no deeply gifted seer to note the gradual and sure dwindling to smaller proportions of church congregations, as also the listless vacant gaze of those who gather there, as dry goods dummies to advertise and display their resplendent apparel. Religious authority is on the wane. People read, are learning to think, and reason themselves into a mental frame of less fear for their future welfare. Men are turning their attention *within* for reform, not toward an outside Savior. Both the secular and the religious press are becoming more liberal by the no longer to be resisted force of the radically liberal press. Many of our editors, formators, and would-be leaders of thought see that they must quicken their steps to keep pace with the increasing onward tread of ideas, or they will be left by the masses far behind. Religious teachers see this, and quake for their calling. The more prominent D. D.'s among us possess sufficient prescience to understand that unless the church makes an effort a little outside of the pale, to signalize their public labors with something of the character of reforms, their ministerial occupation must soon be gone.

Hence, many of them are working hand in hand with men of the "world," in a strong temperance movement, known among us as the "Local Option Movement," the meaning of which is, that instead of the courts having all the power as now of granting license for rum-selling, the people respectively, of each ward shall say by ballot whether intoxicating liquors shall be sold in their ward. The movement is creating considerable sensation.

We have several phases of the labor movement here. The muscle and sinew of the commonwealth are gradually mastering toward an all-powerful concentration of forces, to successfully demand and assert the equality or brotherhood of labor with capital. The Internationals are working quietly, though none the less surely. The *Sunday Tribune*, another organ of the Trade's Union and Workingmen, is announced as soon to appear.

There are also several associations for inquiry and free debate that meet every Sunday, and are working up a liberal sentiment among us, destined to play no mean part in the future shaping of some of our social and political changes. The Young Men's Society for Free Inquiry is an excellent counter-check to the prodigal course of the Young Men's Christian Association.

SPIRITUALISM

is the young giant that has imparted animus and impulse to these several waves amid the great sea of social reform. It is this child of the sun that has sent its shaft of light so deep amid the basic works of a crumbling orthodox theology, that the Babylon of sectarianism is dazzled and confounded. The Spiritualists of Philadelphia, without any effort at sensation or wonder-working, are meanwhile calmly pursuing their way. The public lectures at their principal hall, N. E. corner Broad and Spring-garden Sts., are well attended, and the hall frequently overcrowded. Mrs. Brigham is ministering here during March with excellent acceptance. Hers is indeed a spirit of consolation. The friends of East Kensington continue their meetings in their hall formerly the Universalist Church of this section, now owned by a small company of Spiritualists. The Spiritualist mediums of our city are active in their good work.

Fraternally,
REICHNER.

Scientific.

"On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van."—CARLYLE.

For the Present Age.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER XXV.

BY PROF. E. WHIPPLE.

General observations on the Tertiary.—Eruptive forces seem to have been especially active toward the close of the tertiary period. Hundreds of fiery mouths opened at the surface from the molten interior, which were sealed again before man came upon the scene of action. Plains of lava and hills of volcanic ashes abound in central France, so associated with tertiary deposits as to leave no doubt that the country along the Rhone, and about the Alps and Pyrenees, was a scene of vast igneous disturbance immediately preceding the present order of things. And it is surprising that the evidences of former volcanic activity were all unnoticed and unknown, until within the last half century. Even the inhabitants of Herculaneum and Pompeii, built their cities in part with volcanic fragments, ploughed the fields of scoria, and gathered chestnuts from the very crater of Vesuvius without suspecting they were in the vicinity of a volcano. The first intimation they had that Vesuvius was a burning mountain, was in the year 79, when those beautiful cities were overwhelmed with its ejections.

Public attention was called to the extinct volcanoes in France, by two members of the Academy of Paris, Geattard and Malesherbes, who had been on a visit to Vesuvius. After their return in 1751, they observed while walking through a small town on the banks of the Rhone, that the pavements of the streets resembled the slabs of lava with which the old roads in the vicinity of Rome, were paved. They were told by the inhabitants that the hills and mountains from that to Auvergne were composed of the same materials. As they approached the capital of Auvergne, the volcanic nature of the mountains became more and more apparent. Descending from conical hills in the vicinity of Clermont, were vast sheets of lava, rugged and dark as those of Vesuvius or Etna. The summits presented a regular crater, removing all doubt in the minds of explorers regarding their volcanic character. Guettard's published statement however, met with no favor from the public, whom he addressed. A professor of Clermont declared these lava products were nothing more than the debris of iron forges left by the Romans, who are supposed to have undertaken everything extraordinary in semi-barbarous countries.

The site of these old volcanoes occupies a district twenty by fifty miles, which is enclosed on the east and west by parallel ranges of granite hills. On the western side of the plain a plateau of granite rises to an elevation of sixteen hundred feet, supporting not less than seventy volcanic cones, from five hundred to one thousand feet high. Thus life and death go hand in hand. The old must die that the new may be inaugurated. To raise the mountain barriers, finish the continents, and diversify the climates, these mighty physical revolutions became a necessity.

Geography of the Tertiary.—The contour of America was much the same during the tertiary period as now. The Atlantic and Gulf borders however, were submerged from a few miles to several hundred from their present coast limits. The peninsula of Florida was yet under the sea, and destined to be elevated by the labors of industrious corals. A narrow gulf extended from the south to near where St. Louis now stands, awaiting the arrival of detritus from the elevated lands of the north, to make it a fruitful plain.

The topography contrasted more strongly with the present continental features than the border configuration. The Alleghanies formed the principal axis of elevation, from which a long slope descended westward to the Pacific, the surface of which was diversified with inland lakes, and groves bearing a profusion of tropical fruits. At length the upheaval of the great chain of the west introduced a temperate climate, formed the Mississippi valley, and specialized the western slope with widely contrasted features.

The mountains which became elevated during this period in different parts of the globe, present more abrupt acclivities, are more torn and shattered, and rise to more majestic dimensions than those which belong to earlier periods. As the crust became thicker by radiation of heat, and refrigeration advanced with progress of time, the molten interior was compressed by the ever tightening crust, until the imprisoned forces burst their bonds, rocked the overlying crust like a ship on a stormy sea, and raised piles of granite into regions of eternal snow; and there they stand in their grandeur, reflecting the splendors of the ice-king, silent memorials of the forces which have fashioned the frame work of the globe.

Phenomenal.

For the Present Age.

PHENOMENAL EXPERIENCES.

BY J. E. HOYT.

NUMBER III.

Friday morning, December 29th, found me in the dark circle at the house of Morris Keeler in Moravia. Spirit voices joined in singing "Sweet Home" and other familiar tunes. Hands were plainly felt and water sprinkled upon all present. My spirit wife Jane came, and placing her hand upon my head exclaimed in an audible voice, "How joyful!" A voice then said: "Please strike a light," which being done the medium, Mrs. Mary Andrews, took a seat in the cabinet and in a few minutes several hands were shown and then a face which was recognized by Thomas R. Hazzard as his mother's. He asked, "Mother is it you?" She replied in the affirmative by bowing her head. My mother then came and I recognized her at once. Then the sister of Doctor Versileous appeared and was recognized. Then came my wife Jane and her mother. They each bowed their heads and passed away. A finger was shown pointing to the cabinet door; which is the usual manner of indicating that the seance should close.

In the afternoon, spirit voices joined in the singing, hands were felt, and water sprinkled, as in the morning sitting. A little Indian girl named Sukie, the controlling spirit of Mrs. Kate Gibbes, came with her accustomed chipper, and was readily recognized by her medium. In the dark circle held on Saturday morning, spirit voices joined in singing and spirit hands were gently placed upon our hands and faces. The spirit of a man named Cooper, a Methodist class-leader when on earth, spoke to us audibly, saying that when he left earth he left all the brimstone with it, and that they had no hell on the other side. His daughter asked: "Father, is that you?" He replied, "Yes, Susan, it is your father." His widow also recognized him and spoke with him. The circle had for some minutes been singing "Old John Brown," when a voice said audibly and loudly. "Please let Old John Brown and his pet lambs rest, and strike a light." The lamp was accordingly lighted, and the medium was seated in the cabinet, when several spirit hands were immediately shown from the aperture in the cabinet. My wife Mary and Mr. Holmes appeared and showed their faces distinctly and at the same moment, side by side. Hands and faces of departed friends of other persons present were also distinctly shown and recognized.

In the dark circle in the afternoon of the same day, spirit voices joined in singing as usual. Mr. Cooper visited us again and talked and joked with his brother, Dr. Cooper, who was present. A voice said plainly, "Russell!" and Mr. Russell Sturges being present, asked: "Father is that you?" The spirit replied "Yes, my son, it is your father." The lamp being lighted, Mr. Cooper again came and held a long conversation with his friends, and again assured them that there was no hell other than that in the bosoms of men. After expressing his joy at being able to come to earth and hold communion with his friends, he bowed his head and disappeared. Next came the spirit of an Indian girl known as Honto, beautifully attired with a red blanket, trimmed with beads and tassels of varied and exceedingly brilliant colors. She evinced both in words and actions, great pride in exhibiting her gorgeous attire. She said to me: "Chief, tell your friends who left here without investigating spirit phenomena that they should have examined into the facts and principles before pronouncing it a humbug."

Sunday morning, in the dark circle, spirit hands were placed upon all in the circle. Numerous and large spirit lights were floating in the room. Upon the lamps being lighted the medium was seated in the cabinet. Several hands of different sizes were presented at the same instant. William Holmes appeared and said: "My brother, I have been benefited by the doctrines taught me by you on earth. You were right. Your idea of spirit life is correct. Don't put your light under a bushel but let it shine. I will now withdraw that Captain Whitney may appear."

I should have mentioned that in the circle previously held, Captain Whitney came, and announcing his name, requested his friends, as a further test of his identity to sing, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," a favorite of his in earth life. He now appeared from the cabinet and pointing his finger toward his daughter (Mrs. Hill,) conversed with her for a moment and then retired. My father then appeared, and answered my recognition of him, by bowing his head, and then withdrew.

On New Year's morning previous to arranging the circle, while conversing socially with several persons in the sitting room, Mrs. Gibbs said to me, "Mr. Hoyt, there is the spirit of a lady standing by you wrapped in a blanket, and a little boy and girl wrapped in the same manner. It is your wife and little son and daughter. They will show themselves at the cabinet to-day." The circle having been formed, there occurred the usual preliminary manifestations of singing and water sprinkling, after which a flapping of wings was heard over our heads as if a large bird we e flying about the room. Large lights floated in the darkness; cool breezes like strong currents of air were felt by all present. The room was shaken, and the cabinet frequently shook as if a strong man had hold of it endeavoring to throw it down. A light being struck and the medium seated, Mr. Holmes came, spoke a few words, then said he would withdraw and let Dr. Baker appear. Doctor Baker appeared and talked with us several moments, saying that there is no hell beyond the grave, and promising us more in our next circle took his departure, using one of his earth phrases—"I will now drive on."

In the afternoon, the usual demonstrations were made. At the cabinet seance, Mr. Holmes came and said: "This earth is heaven. There is no hell except in the bosom of man. Be truthful and just and you will experience no hell." Mr. Hazzard expressed wonder that he could appear so lifelike, as if in the flesh. Upon this Mr. Holmes replied: "What did you anticipate? Did you expect to see me a skeleton of bones? I am flesh, just as you are." Addressing me he said: "I will now withdraw and give place to one who is to you dearer than all others—your spirit affinity, your wife Mary, who is your constant guardian spirit."

Mary then appeared just as I last saw her in earth-life, in her night-clothes with a white handkerchief in her hand, close to her mouth. She then removed it that I might see her face entire. I was about to explain why she held the handkerchief to her face, when *she* gave the explanation, by putting the handkerchief to her mouth and with a slight hacking cough, wiped her lips as if to remove the expectoration from her mouth. She then folded the handkerchief over in her hand as she was in the habit of doing for months previous to her death. Then, bowing, she disappeared.

Then came my wife Louisa, who died of small pox and was therefore buried in the bed clothing in which she died. In this manner she appeared, together with my little son and daughter who died at the same time of the same disease. Louisa was wrapped in a white sheet, over which was a woolen blanket. Little Johnnie was buried in a red woolen blanket and little Jane in a white sheet. At their death I was absent from home and did not know the particulars of their burial. Sukie (an Indian girl) then appeared. She is the controlling spirit of Mrs. Kate Gibbs of Utica, New York. She talked several minutes answering many questions, and showed us her red *blanksom*, as she called it. Next Owasso came, an Indian chief and controlling spirit of Dr. Slade of New York. I said: "Owasso, is that you?" He replied: "Yes, it is Owasso. I came in fulfillment of my promise made to you at Dr. Slade's office. I always keep my promise." My mother appeared and was just as natural as life. She said: "This is a great and glorious work. It is begun and will cut its way through." And bowing, she disappeared.

At the next cabinet seance, William Holmes came, but as I was seated far back I did not at first recognize him positively, so I said: "William, if it is you, point toward me." He replied, "If you meet a man on the street must you point at him that he may recognize you? Good bye, Mr. Hoyt," and he disappeared. The face of a man not recognized presented itself and said: "I have no friends here. My name is George Butler. I was murdered at Syracuse and my body was thrown into the canal. The man who murdered me will soon confess the crime. His name is Wright." My wife Mary appeared and said:

"My dear boy, tell brother C. H. that he had better investigate before he pronounces Spiritualism a *humbug*. With all his supposed knowledge he has got to learn the letter A of truth as it is in spirit life."

Next a young lady became visible holding up both hands, which had the appearance of having been burned. I did not recognize her at this time, but was informed by a medium present that it was the spirit of Sarah Hector.

On Thursday was held a special sitting of four, Mrs. Keeler, Mrs. Kate Gibbs, T. R. Hazzard, and myself. Two hands clasped with arms at full length, as in the attitude of prayer, were thrust from the aperture of the cabinet. Then as many as six small hands, and a lady's hand holding a lily, were shown. Mr. Hazzard asked if the hand with the lily was for him. It appeared again and beckoned toward him in the affirmative and tried to throw the flower out of the aperture but had not strength sufficient. An old lady appeared and spoke to Mr. Hazzard, and in answer to his question, "Mother, is it you?"—replied, "Yes, Thomas, it is your mother, as true as the rising sun." Next a spirit came and said, "My dear Mrs. Gibbs, I am happy thus to meet my friends of earth, and to speak an encouraging word to them. Go on; there is a brighter future for you. NOAH TYLER." On the previous evening, in a social circle, a Mrs. Morrison of Oswego, New York, known as "the blind medium," was controlled and a spirit child calling herself Lilly Warner came through the medium and said. "I used to live in Chicago; I was destroyed by the fire and as you are from Chicago I wish to speak with you." She said she used to live near the public square on the North side, and that her ma was in the spirit world with her. I said, "Where is your pa?" She replied she did not have any pa. I asked her if she would tell me the names of some of the little girls she used to play with. She answered she did not play with the little girls, for they were not kind to her, and would say, "There is Lilly Warner; she has got no pa." She then asked if we would like to hear her sing. On our replying affirmatively, she sang "Old Autumn," and "Ma, may I go out to swim." Next evening she came again to bid me "good bye" as I was intending to leave in the morning and asked if I wished to know how she appeared. I told her I did. Thereupon she described herself as follows: "I have light complexion, large blue eyes, and long golden hair in ringlets." She then asked me if I would like her picture, and said she would have one taken and send it to me. Several present asked if she would send them one. She replied that she would not give one to any but the gentleman from Chicago. She then said, "I will kiss you good night," which she did and retired.

The next day Doctor Murray and Mr. Eaton, of Rochester, Mrs. Gibbs and myself, left Moravia for Auburn. Dr. Murray, Mr. Eaton and myself having to wait there several hours for train connections, called upon Mrs. Cronk, a medium at No. 25 Genesee St. The medium, after describing several of my spirit friends, said there was a beautiful little golden haired child standing with one hand upon my knee, looking up into my face and that her name was Lilly. This same little Lilly has come to me several times since I arrived home, and recently at a circle of Mrs. Maud Lord's at the house of William Hooker, No. 251 1-2 Park Avenue, she came and patted her little hands upon my face saying audibly, "Little Lilly."

When on my way East, I had sold at Cleveland, Ohio, real estate which my brother Jacob at his death left to his daughters, Hattie and Emma. I had with me the proceeds of this sale, of which no person at Moravia had any knowledge. On the morning of leaving Moravia I had a sitting with Mrs. Morrison the blind medium previously referred to. Under the influence of her controlling spirit (Tuscarona Joe) she describ d my brother Jacob, saying that he was present and anxious that I should see that the *buckle* (meaning money) that belonged to Hattie and Emma should not be trifled away; that he worked hard to save it for them and desired them to make good use of it. He repeatedly and persistently urged me to give them the benefit of my advice and judgment in the manner of its use and investment.

I fear I have already trespassed too far upon your courtesy and the indulgence of the reader, without, however, having done any thing like justice to the subject, as I have called your attention to but a few of the most prominent events and incidents, which, like guide-boards mark the road over which I have passed, directing me thus far on the highway of truth.

CHICAGO, Ill.

HUMAN TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

I THINK a person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres, much more reasonable than one, who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could I not give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact.—*Addison.*

WE need not doubt the fact, that angels, whose home is in heaven, visit our earth and bear part in our transactions; and we have good reason to believe, that, if we obtain admission into heaven, we shall still have opportunity, not only to return to earth, but to view the operations of God in distant spheres, and be his ministers in other worlds.—*Rev. Wm. Ellery Channing.*

OH! tell me not that the fathers of this Republic are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invincible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are *they* dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THAT the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could have made credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears.—*Samuel Johnson.*

IT is a sublime and beautiful doctrine of the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy.—*Washington Irving.*

As to the power of holdin g intercourse with spirits emancipated from our present sphere, we see no reason why it should not exist; and do some reason why it should rarely be developed, but none why it should not sometimes. These spirits are, we all believe, existent somehow; and there seems to be no good reason why a person in spiritual nearness to them, whom such intercourse cannot agitate or engross so that he cannot walk steadily in his present path, should not enjoy it when of use to him.—*Margaret Fuller.*

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors,
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

Henry W. Longfellow.

[Continued from First Page.]

derful proofs of the undulatory theory of light, he was equally hooted at as absurd by the popular scientific writers of the day. The *Edinburgh Review* called upon the public to put Thomas Gray into a straight jacket for maintaining the practibility of railroads. Sir Humphrey Davy laughed at the idea of London being lighted with gas. When Stephenson proposed to use locomotives on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, learned men gave evidence that it was impossible that they could go even twelves miles an hour. Another great scientific authority declared it to be equally impossible for ocean steamers ever to cross the Atlantic. The French Academy of Sciences ridiculed the great astronomer, Arago, when he wanted even to discuss the subject of the electric telegraph. Medical men ridiculed the stethoscope when it was first discovered. Painless operations during the mesmereric coma were pronounced impossible and therefore impostures.

Mr. Wallace might have multiplied these instances *ad infinitum*, and brought them down to the present day by citing the position of Faraday, Sir David Brewster, Carpenter, and in this country, Felton, Pierce, Agassiz, Eustis & Co. in their relations to Spiritualism. All the notorious facts of history from the times of Galileo down, proving the blind folly of scientific men in their relation to new truths, have failed to bring this class of men to their senses and keep them from repeating the blunders of their predecessors. The day is not far distant when they will have to eat their own words in relation to Spiritualism, even as they had to in relation to the great discoveries and inventions alluded to in the article from which we are quoting.

Mr. Wallace fittingly closes with these words:

> It is time that the "derisive and unexamining incredulity" which has hitherto existed should give way to a less dogmatic and more philosophical spirit, or history will again have to record the melancholy spectacle of men who should have known better, assuming to limit the discovery of new powers and agencies in the universe, and deciding, without investigation, whether other men's observations are true or false.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

We are gratified to learn that Dr. Slade continues to give sittings for materializations and never with such marked success as since the wonderful expose in the columns of the *Sun*.

A friend of ours, one of the wealthiest and most reliable of New York's shrewd business men, held a sitting with him recently under test conditions that were absolute, and saw a very dear friend, and held converse with her receiving replies in whispers from the moving lips of the spirit.

We regret to learn that the Dr. is in very poor health. He is contemplating a trip to California with the hope that it may contribute toward restoration.

This form of manifestation is on the increase and will soon be as all-prevailing as the raps and as unanswerable by any other hypothesis than the one advanced by believers in Spiritualism.

As far as we can learn Dr. Slade has suffered nothing save annoyance from this onslaught. We have met scarcely a person even among the opponents of our faith who seemed to think the *Sun* expose amounted to much. It bore its own *prima facia* condemnation. In the writer's zeal to prove too much, he proved nothing save his own malice and bitterness.

TROY N. Y.

We learn with pleasure that our cause in this city is prospering finely. Mrs. Brigham has rendered most faithful and efficient service there, and now J. M. Peebles is calling out large and enthusiastic audiences. The friends there desire to secure the services of this brother for nine months of the ensuing year, and Mrs. Brigham's for the remaining three months. We trust they may succeed in doing this and that only success lies before them.

A CHURCH should put no fetters on the man; it should have unity of purpose, but with the most entire freedom for the individual. When you sacrifice the man to the mass, in church or state, it becomes an offense, a stumbling block in the way of progress and must end or mend.—*Theo. Parker*.

The Present Age.

A Weekly Journal.

Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reforms, Polite Literature and General Intelligence.

COL. D. M. FOX, - - EDITOR.

Associate Editors:
DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, E. S. WHEELER.

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264 Warren Avenue, Chicago.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

If any special evidence was needed to give assurance of the growth of modern Spiritualism it may be found in the more general observance of its anniversary this year, than ever before. As yet we have received detailed accounts from but few places where the day was celebrated. Our corresponding editor sends us an elaborate report of the celebration in Waukegan, Ill., in which he participated and by his presence added greatly to the interest of the occasion. By his radical lecture on Saturday afternoon he shocked not a few who have not yet learned that the Spiritual rostrum is made so broad as to permit the expression of the widest differences of opinion, while the most fraternal spirit of the differing parties remains wholly undisturbed. This fact was successfully demonstrated to all who were in attendance on this occasion. Brother Jamieson ably advocated his anti-religious, and anti-God views as heretofore set forth by himself and published in our columns. In our opinion they were most successfully controverted by Lyman C. Howe, Prof. Whipple and Miss Pease. The argument of Mr. Howe on Saturday evening was one of the most logical to which we ever listened, and rose to a climax of inspirational eloquence seldom if ever excelled. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the ladies of Waukegan for the beautiful manner in which the hall was decorated. As the season of the year made it impossible to obtain boquets of flowers, always so acceptable on such occasions, Mrs. B. F. Porter and Mrs. E. G. Upham, kindly proffered the use of a fine collection of house plants in bloom, which were arranged on the rostrum under the appropriate motto, "Flowers, the alphabet of angels."

The resolution in favor of Children's Progressive Lyceums was written by Dr. S. J. Avery of Chicago, and its adoption by the convention was advocated in an eloquent and convincing speech. Especially did he urge upon Spiritualists, the importance of this work, insisting that the maintenance of the Lyceum was a duty devolving upon our societies everywhere. The doctor spoke as he always acts, in earnest, and having had much experience in this work, few are more competent to give advice. The audience responded with applause to the sentiments he advanced.

The weather during the entire time of the convention was very unpropitous, nevertheless the convention was regarded by all as a success, and we cannot doubt the cause was advanced thereby. It has certainly paved the way for most important work in Lake county. In

CHICAGO

The First Society of Spiritualists observed the day in a very appropriate manner. Miss Susie M. Johnson delivered an eloquent and impressive lecture in the morning, and at 3 o'clock, P. M., Judge Holbrook read an address prepared expressly for the occasion.

He said they had met together to talk on the 24th anniversary of the life of modern Spiritualism. He defined what this meant, and traced the manifestations from the spiritual world as far back as the history of man. The world had groped in darkness on the subject of religion. Nature had early taught humanity there was a life hereafter. Now they felt there had a light arisen. The prayer for more light had been answered at last; the veil had been rent; the heavens were open, not for one alone, but for the hosts. We have communion with the spirit world.

The new revelation was first made in Rochester, 24 years ago. It was by far the greatest blessing that had come to humanity. It made a science of religion. It taught them that the present animate soul lives on, even after death. It stands and will prevail against all other religions. The spread of this scientific religion had been unprecedented. Even now its numbers were millions. It had its followers in every land. The speaker bespoke its glorious future. It was bound to become a universal religion, and the lion and the lamb would lie down together, nations no longer war, and all should worship God in spirit and in truth. We hope to be able in a future number to give our readers the entire address.

In the evening the children's Progressive Lyceum gave a concert and exhibition, commencing with an anniversary song and chorus, and closed with a tableau. But we were sorry that no more were present to be profited by it. There were piano solos violin solos, recitations, songs, and dialogues, and best of all, a series of calisthenics, conducted br Mrs. Ridgway. There was a recitation about the court-house bell, by Jennie Merrill, and a desire to "Meet me Alone by Moonlight," by Eugenia Dresser. The poor were remembered by the Williams family, and a little child told "What the Birds Say." Then Louie Fuller sang "You are the Trial of My Life," after that came the gymnastic ring exercises, with six young girls, and four boys, forming a class. They were dressed in a costume which gave every muscle full play. The entertainment was very good.

DETROIT.

Here, too, arrangements were made to observe the festal day. Giles B. Stebbins was selected as the speaker for the occasion. No better choice could have been made, for few have had a more general experience in Spiritualism or better understand its history, and philosophy. A correspondent sends us the following report from the Detroit *Post*, very brief but so fair, (a circumstance not so unusual as heretofore,) that we publish it entire.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

> Notwithstanding the cold, uncomfortable weather, a good number of persons were present at the lecture of Mr. G. B. Stebbins, at St. Andrew's Hall, last evening. His subject was "Modern Spiritualism," which he reviewed from its commencement to the present day. He stated that twenty-four years ago last night the first known manifestation of what is termed spiritualism was given in the little town of Hydesville, near Rochester, N. Y., through "Katie" Fox, who, together with her sister, excited so much attention at that time and afterwards at Rochester. He reviewed the whole subject thoroughly, stating the important part which spiritualism is taking in religion, and also in literature, or rather the best works of fiction—so-called. He discussed the philosophical and psychological aspect more at length than that relating to the phenomena of spiritualism. He thought that its advance was to be more rapid hereafter than it has previously been, and that the thoughtful and cultured would embrace its doctrines.
>
> At the conclusion of his lecture Mr. Stebbins read a poem, which is stated to have been uttered *impromptu* by a young lady medium in Boston, during a meeting of Spiritualists in that city, while in a trance. It purports to be from Edgar A. Poe, and is certainly a perfect imitation—if imitation it be—of that poet's style. It is said that the medium in question was incapable of originating the poem had she chosen to do so. It was spoken of at the time by the Springfield *Republican*—a paper adverse to Spiritualism—and said to be equal to anything ever written by Poe himself.

Editorial Notes.

IN the "Ohio Correspondence," of the PRESENT AGE dated March 16th, an article was published written by George Wm. Wilson, entitled "An Unjust Charge." A response from Mrs. Woodhull appears on the eighth page of this issue. Mrs Woodhull makes the mistake of attributing the article to ourself. This explanation will enable the reader to peruse Mrs. Woodhull's communication understandingly. We think however that we owe an apology to Mrs. Woodhull for the reason that in our hasty reading of the article while in manuscript, we failed to notice the following sentence, until too late to correct. "Those who are acquainted with these distinguished advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy (Mrs. Hardinge and Hudson Tuttle,) know how utterly false Mrs. Woodhull's statement is." We hope our contributors will henceforth refrain from such personal charges. We deem them not only unnecessary but wrong and any such allusions henceforth will cause the rejection of the entire article. The reply of Mrs. Woodhull is placed in the same department in which the charge was made. The language quoted from Mrs. Britten's article in the *Banner of Light*, so justly and ably criticised by Mrs. Woodhull is equally objectionable. We aim to avoid these personalities and shall hereafter insist that our contributors observe the same rule. Mrs. Woodhull laboring under the misapprehension referred to says:

> But this person against whom Mrs. Britten brings this grave charge, *you* assisted to elect president of the American Association of Spiritualists, and have printed commendatory notices of her in your paper.

All true, Sister, and we have never for one moment regretted our action on that occasion. We have seen the organization which had been dead for two years, under your administration, show some signs of life. We have not been disappointed in witnessing the assaults made upon you and which we doubt not you anticipated. The explanation we have given renders it unnecessary to answer the charge you make, that we are defending Mrs. Britten or any one else in their attacks upon you either in your public or private capacity.

POEMS FOR THE TIMES.—By Mrs. Frances A. Rowley. This attractive volume dedicated to "The Many Great Workers in the Cause of Reform," should find a wide circle of readers. It is handsomely bound, and the typographical execution approaches perfection, hence the first impression of the work is favorable. It advocates temperance, the enfranchisement of woman, and social reforms generally. The poems breathe an earnest womanly spirit, and will undoubtedly be a means of accomplishing good.

"Controversy," "Light," and "Two Pairs of Eyes," exhibit the scope and variety of the work, and the order of poetic inspiration. Agents are wanted everywhere, who will address communications to C. H. ROWLEY, Hudson, Mich.
Box 644.

A communication from Louisville Ky. informs us that "A Young Peoples' Spiritual Association" has been organized in that city, holding meetings every Thursday evening, and that their membership is rapidly increasing. This association employs lecturers, and the corresponding secretary desires to communicate with "first class" speakers who can be employed by them during the ensuing year. Address,

NANNIE DINGMAN,
283 East Chestnut st.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

AT the election held in Ohio on the 2d inst. Mrs. Dr. Saur of Napoleon, succeded in casting her ballot. It is believed to be the first instance of woman voting in Ohio; it will not be the last. The telegraph reports considerable excitement in consequence, and that other women attempted to vote but were refused. Why the vote of the one was received and others refused we have yet to learn.

Personal.

W. F. JAMIESON is in Chicago engaged in superintending the publication of his book, "The Clergy a Source of Danger to the American Republic." He will speak Sundays in the towns adjacent to Chicago during April, May and June. Address No. 10 North Jefferson street Chicago, Ill.

N. FRANK WHITE.—The first of February this earnest and eloquent lecturer entered upon a three months engagement in East Saginaw, Mich. Two months have passed and increasing interest is still manifest. Brother White goes to Port Huron for the month of May thence east to fill engagements for the summer. His arrangements for the ensuing fall and winter are not yet made. Probably if calls should warrant he will again visit the West. Mr. White is agent for the PRESENT AGE and will be glad to receive subscriptions or renewals wherever he goes.

A. J. and MARY F. DAVIS after a very pleasant and profitable visit of two months in Washington D. C. are again at their home in Orange, N. J. where correspondents will please address them. On their return they lectured in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Bordentown and Vineland.

PROF. E. WHIPPLE is lecturing at Waukegan, Ill. Last Sunday he lectured for the Spiritualists of that city and the present week delivers his course of scientific lectures. The Spiritualists of Waukegan employed him for this purpose and instead of charging an admission fee, have opened the door, and invite all to come and hear. An opportunity to voluntarily contribute toward paying expenses is given at the close of each scientific lecture. We think this the better plan everywhere. To make sure however that the speaker is compensated, when this course is pursued, it is necessary for a number of the friends to become responsible, trusting to the liberality of those who hear, to aid them. Next Sunday the Professor will again lecture for the society. Meetings at the Court House, morning and evening.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, will lecture in McHenry, Ill, next Sunday (April 14,) morning and evening.

For the Present Age

THE HYPOCRITE.

BY NELLIE BRIGHAM.

Yes, wrap your cloak proudly about you,
And with care adjust each fold,
For the world will reward false faces
With smiles, and glittering gold.

Then feel the pulse of the public heart,
And learn how it ebbs and flows,
That you guage your own not slow nor fast,
But just as the current goes.

'Tis so easy to glide adown the stream
With oars at rest in the boat,
Then claim the homage of half the world,
For keeping the craft afloat.

It needs but little wisdom or wit
To bow the obsequious "yes;"
And if ever the freeborn soul revolts,
You can surely say, "I guess."

If you hope to win the laurels of earth,
And would wear the thornless crown,
You must hide the truth that burns within,
Beneath the hypocrite's gown.

But mind, the mills of God though slow,
Are ever grinding away;
However long the account may run,
There comes a reckoning day.

A day when shams are laid aside
And truth is held at par;
When none are judged for what they *seemed*,
But all for what they *are*.
CLYDE O.

Corresponding Editor.

W. F. JAMIESON.

CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM IN WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Col. Dorus M. Fox was chosen President of the Convention, W. F. Jamieson Secretary.

A Business Committee of three were chosen, viz, A. S. Waterman, Eli Gage, Mrs. Samuel Jones.

MUSIC.

"We give you joyous Greeting," sung as a semi-chorus by the choir.

CONFERENCE.

Mr. Lawson, W. F. Jamieson, and Prof. E. Whipple made a few remarks upon the subject of Spiritualism and its relation to religion, Messrs Lawson and Whipple dissenting from Mr. Jamieson's view.

MUSIC.

Lyman C. Howe followed with a few remarks upon Religion and Spiritualism. He also dissented from Jamieson's view.

James Wickham said he came twelve miles to get evidence of the immortality of the soul. Col. Fox said the brother is but expressing the cry of humanity all over this world to-day. Mr. Wickham wants to know whether when his body is dead his spirit lives. The Colonel related many instances of spirit communications.

MR. WICKHAM. I have come twelve miles to know something about these things. I talk them just as they are. I am a plain farmer. If these things are true I want to know them. I am an *all-fired skeptic!* [Laughter.] I like your paper, [bowing to Col. Fox] first-rate.

COL. FOX. Thank you, sir.

LYMAN C. HOWE. I suppose a very large class of thinkers are much in the same condition as our brother.

MUSIC—"The Other World."

SATURDAY MORNING SESSION.

The Convention elected Mr. Barr Simmons of Kenosha and Miss Nettie M. Pease, Vice Presidents.

F. H. Porter, W. F. Jamieson and Mrs. Eddy were appointed a committee on resolutions, after which Prof. E. Whipple delivered an able scientific address upon "The Universality of Progress."

AFTERNOON.

Singing by the choir and also by J. W. Porter of Volo, Ill. Discourse by W. F. Jamieson on "The Lord's Prayer." The President introduced the speaker by announcing that the audience must prepare for a *mustard plaster!* They got it.

EVENING.

Committee on resolutions reported the following:

> WHEREAS, the central idea of the Spiritual Philosophy is the fullest possible development of the innate capabilities of man and woman, therefore,
>
> *Resolved*, that as Spiritualists, we give our hearty sympathy to, and pledge our co-operation with every progressive movement whose object is to establish, in all the relations of life, such conditions as shall best serve to unfold capacities for highest usefulness and consequent happiness.
>
> *Resolved*, that Modern Spiritualism embraces all reformatory movements usually termed "side issues."
>
> *Resolved*, that we will support for office under the United States government those candidates who are fully committed to woman suffrage, temperance, labor and other reforms.
>
> *Resolved*, that we as Spiritualists recognize this philosophy in its broadest interpretation as acknowledging women as an equal with man, endowed with the same birthright of individual freedom of thought and action.
>
> *Resolved*, that we would extend to woman the freedom of the rostrum and ballot, and regard her aid as a necessary power in all of the great reformatory movements of the day.
>
> *Resolved*, that we suggest to this convention the organization of a County Society, to be called "The Lake County Association of Spiritualists."
>
> *Resolved*, that we recommend the appointment of a committee of five to draft a plan of organization to report to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.
>
> *Resolved*, that as Spiritualists and Reformers, we recognize the Children's Progressive Lyceum as our hope for the proper education of our children, and that we will sustain these unsectarian schools as far as our means and influence will permit.

The convention accepted the report, adopted the resolution recommending a committee to draft a plan of organization, and appointed D. M. Fox, F. H. Porter, S. J. Avery, W. C. Howard, and John Stearns, said committee. The remaining resolutions were laid upon the table for future consideration.

Lyman C. Howe was introduced as the speaker for the evening. After offering prayer he proceeded to deliver a very fine discourse upon the "Power of Liberty and Religion of Love." Many were well pleased with his answer to the heretical sentiments of W. F. Jamieson, advanced in the afternoon, on the subject of "The Lord's Prayer." The bruised hearts and wounded souls were soothed by the evening discourse.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Col. Fox, Chairman of the committee to draft a County constitution, read the following report.

CONSTITUTION OF LAKE COUNTY CIRCLE.

NAME.

Article 1.

This association shall be called the Lake County Circle of Spiritualists.

OBJECTS.

Article 2.

SEC. 1. The objects of this Circle shall be the promulgation of the Spiritual Philosophy, the cultivation of all the powers of man, and the investigation of all subjects pertaining to man's physical, mental and spiritual being.

SEC. 2. This County Circle shall encourage the organization of local circles in every town of Lake County, and this society will co-operate with any other association organized for a like purpose.

MEMBERSHIP.

Article 3.

SEC. 1. Any person desirous of becoming a member may do so by signing his or her name to these articles of association, thereby manifesting a desire to lead a true life.

SEC. 2. No affirmation as to belief or unbelief of any kind shall ever be required of any person desiring to become a member of the County Circle, and such person may at any time withdraw without being questioned therefor.

OFFICERS.

Article 4.

SEC. 1. The officers of this Circle shall be a President, Secretary, Treasurer, and five Trustees to be elected annually, and to serve until their successors are elected. The President, Secretary, and Trustees shall constitute the executive board for the transaction of all business. Four shall constitute a quorum.

SEC. 2. The President of every local Ci[rcle]

...County shall be *ex-officio* Vice-... of this County Circle.

...The duties of the officers shall ...usually pertain to organizations ...character.

MEETINGS.

Article 5.

...Meetings shall be held on the ...of March of each year. Semi-an... meetings shall be held on the second ...and Sunday of September of each ...

...2. Special meetings may be called ...by a majority of the executive ...

...The annual and semi-annual ...shall not be held in the same town ...year.

WORK.

Article 6.

...carrying out the objects of this Circle ...contemplated in Art. 2, the executive ...may employ one or more agents and ...for this purpose co-operate with ...associations outside of Lake County.

AMENDMENTS.

Article 7.

...constitution may be amended at any ...meeting by a majority vote except ...the provision requiring a test of mem...ship.

...spirited discussion ensued upon ...word "Circle." Col. Fox argued ...in favor of the retention of ...word.

...H. Porter argued briefly and ...against it, and believed the ...word "Association" better. One ...gentleman, (name not given,) said ...believed it best to take a circui... route to gain a given object. He ...he had always been a man of ...and as there are objections in ...outside world to the word "Cir-..." he would choose a less objec...able word.

Lyman C. Howe inquired if it ...not be well to strike out the ...word "Spiritualism." F. H. Porter ...considered that the word "circle" ...a tendency to encircle in narrow ...like a creed-bound church. ...wants a free platform that will ...embrace all God's children.

Lyman C. Howe declared there was ...nothing deeper, broader, higher than ...Spiritualism. Its circles are not ...bound down to a sectarian creed. We ...circles in the universe; all na... moves in circles. The Spiritual ...circle embraces the whole, accepting ...good, rejecting the bad wherever ...found. It means the toleration of ...classes. If we abandon this, we ...abandon all we have. Miss Nettie ...Pease favored the retention of the ...word "circle."

The Convention at the close of the ...spirited discussion voted to retain the ...word "circle," and adopted the whole ...constitution as submitted.

Miss Nettie M. Pease after offering ...prayer gave the regular address. It ...was her first effort with an elaborate... prepared written address, and in ...normal condition. The discourse ...evinced deep thought on the social ...and political questions of our time.

AFTERNOON.

Discussion of resolutions. The ...one which referred to supporting ...candidates for office was rejected. All the others were adopted.

As the hour was far advanced after ...discussion, Mr. Jamieson begged the ...audience to excuse him from deliver...ing, as announced, his lecture upon ..."Jesus." Mrs. Sada Bailey, of La...porte, Ind., occupied a few moments ...in addressing the meeting.

EVENING.—CLOSING SESSION.

The Anniversary Ode, (published ...in the AGE, April 6,) was read by its ...gifted author, Miss Anna Herbert, ...with excellent effect. Lyman C. Howe gave the closing address, which ...had especial reference to the

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Brother Howe is the Henry Clay ...of modern Spiritualism. He fre...quently soars into beautiful flights of ...eloquence. His language is good, ...and the depth and power of expres...sion wonderful.

Brother Simmons of Kenosha, Wis., was invited to relate his inter...esting experiences at Moravia. While ...he was telling us about seeing the ...spirit of his wife I felt that these are ...the times that gladden the souls of ...men and women.

The hall was tastefully decorated ...with evergreens by the ladies of the ...society. A large number of paint...ings, (landscape and portrait,) pencil ...sketches, spirit paintings, a fine paint...ing of Henry Ward Beecher, and ...photographs of some of our speak...ers, embellished the walls. There ...were several oil paintings by Hay...wood, formerly of Chicago, (burnt out by the great fire.) Numerous appropriate mottos were placed conspicuously in view of the audience.

Much credit is due the Spiritualists of Waukegan for their activity and enterprise. Such meetings are a great source of pleasure and mental profit to all participants.

On account of the inclement weather the attendance was not very large until the last evening. The discussions were all conducted in a pleasant manner, and on the whole the people enjoyed the Convention.

FROM Mr. Lowell's striking poem, *The Cathedral*, we take the following thought, indicative of the spirit of free inquiry that marks our age:

'Tis irrecoverable, that ancient faith,
Homely and wholesome, suited to the time,
With rod or candy for child-minded men:
No theologic tube, with lens on lens
Of syllogism transparent, brings it near—
At best resolving some new nebula,
Or blurring some fixed-star of hope to mist.
Science was Faith once; Faith were Science now,
Would she but lay her bow and arrows by
And arm her with the weapons of the time.
Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought.
For there's no virgin-fort but self-respect,
And Truth defensive hath lost hold on God.
Shall we treat Him as if He were a child
That knew not His own purpose? nor dare trust
The Rock of Ages to their chemic tests,
Lest some day the all-sustaining base divine
Should fail from under us, dissolved in gas?

CALL FOR LIGHT ON A SERIOUS SUBJECT.

BY AUSTIN KENT.

In the *Banner of Light* Mrs. V. C. Woodhull wrote, "I know of no person or persons who have any right, any authority, or any capacity to dictate to me as to whom, or how long, I may love. I am equally unprepared to determine it for anybody else. Emma Hardinge Britten, Hudson Tuttle, and their associates, I suppose *are commissioned for this purpose*."

A writer in the AGE calls this "gross injustice." I have been a friend and admirer of Mrs. Britten, and am today. I have no ill-will to Mr. Tuttle, yet, as I understand it, Mrs. Woodhull's words are not incorrect. In saying this I imply no censure upon Mrs. Britten or Mr. Tuttle. If I have misunderstood Mrs. Woodhull's opponents I crave—I beg for more light on the subject. I believe Henry Ward Beecher once said in substance—"Some times a proper answer to one who asks you about the state of your soul is—'It is none of *your* business.'" That would often be the most correct answer in the case.

I understand Mrs. Woodhull's great sin to consist in her saying to all men—"It is none of your business as to my conjugal life so long as I violate no other persons rights—no other persons freedom." She insists upon applying the same principles, laws and arguments to conjugal life and action that Protestants, in theory, apply to religious ideas, life, and worship. Mrs. W. would protect, as far as possible, every person in both religious and conjugal freedom so far as such freedom did not encroach upon the equal freedom of others. Her opponents agree or disagree with this. Which? They would or would not lecture for, and perhaps vote for laws to bind conjugal life and action as they would not bind religious life and action. I cannot think there is absolutely no foundation for the many criticisms on Mrs. Woodhull's positions. I once knew a lady who said she loved two men. Both men claimed to love her. She desired to take both as a husband, they agreeing, and was able to support both! But our conjugal or marriage laws forbid it; make it a state's prison offense. Mrs. Woodhull insists that such laws are despotic, and that all who would lecture for or vote for such laws are more or less "presuming despots." I here most respectfully put the question to her opponents, "Do you approve or condemn such laws? I wait a reply. If you say,—"*Society has no right to hinder by law, but is bound to protect that woman from all outsiders, in marrying the two men*, I will, for myself, withdraw the word 'despot,'—make my best bow, and apologise. I also ask Mr. Tuttle to forget Mrs. Woodhull for a time, and to clearly state and logically defend his own principles, if he has any, on this subject. I do not here imply that he has not. I must wait for evidence on that point. Americans cannot long tarry at the illogical half-way house of Protestantism. We must go to Rome—become more despotic—or adopt conjugal freedom as we never have done.

Mrs. Woodhull writes much very good logic, and a little very bad logic. On the whole, she is more logical than Henry Ward Beecher. The general disposition among Spiritualists to criticise each other is is an honor to the cause. But criticism offered in an uncivil and unjust manner, and with a disrespectful, unloving spirit, will make of our glory our disgrace.

STOCKHOLM, NEW YORK, March 20th, 1872.

THE INTERNATIONALS.—Here are the principles of the Internationals, as laid down in a late letter by John Hales, of London, the General Secretary of the Association:

The various Congresses held by the Association of Geneva, Lausanne, Brussels and Basle discussed and adopted the following points, which may therefore be said to form the programme of the Internationals:

1. The total abolition of all class rule and all class privileges.

2. Complete political and social equality for both sexes.

3. Nationalization of the land, and of all the instruments of production.

4. A reduction of hours of labor, so as to allow more time for improvement and recreation.

5. Education to be undertaken by the State—to be obligatory, gratuitous and secular.

6. Religion to be ignored, as being a speculative subject concerning the individual. No religious differences or creed to be recognized.

7. The substitution of a direct system of taxation based upon property, instead of the present system of levying taxation upon industry; the taxation to be progressive.

8. The abolition of the standing army as being provocative to war.

SOME OF AMERICA'S "CRACK" CELEBRITIES.

"This is a great country." Perhaps our readers have heard of that before. And now when any foreigner asks them to prove it they can name *eight* particulars, at least, in which U. S. A. stands biggest.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes form a river of three-quarters of a mile in width, and then, being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns, to the depth of one hundred and seventy feet each.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, four thousand one hundred miles long.

The largest valley in the world is the Valley of the Mississippi. It contains five hundred thousand square miles, and is one of the most fertile and profitable regions of the globe.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior which is truly an inland sea, being four hundred and thirty miles long, and one thousand feet deep.

The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific Railroad, over three thousand miles in length.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek, in Virginia. It extends across a chasm eighty feet in width, and two hundred and fifty feet in depth, at the bottom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the great Iron Mountain in Missouri. It is three hundred and fifty feet high, and two miles in circuit.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.

MAKE NO MAN FEEL HIS INFERIORITY.—Nothing is more insulting than to take pains to make a man feel his inferiority in knowledge, rank, fortune, etc. In the first place it is both ill bred and ill-natured, and in the two latter articles it is unjust, they not being in his power. Good breeding and good nature incline us rather to raise people up to ourselves than to mortify and depress them. Besides, it is making ourselves so many friends instead of so many enemies. A constant effort to please is a most necessary ingredient in the art of pleasing; it flatters the self-love of those to whom it is shown; it engages and captivates more than things of much greater importance. Every man is, in some measure, obliged to discharge the social duties of life; but these attentions are voluntary acts, the free-will offerings of good breeding and good nature; they are received, remembered, and returned as such. Women, in particular, have a right to them; any omission in that respect is downright ill-breeding.

OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

"Shall Spiritualism assume a Political Aspect?" was the subject of an eloquent discourse delivered by Miss Jennie Leys at Music Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoon March 24th. She spoke of the position maintained by the church toward slavery. Not till the cry of the fettered captive re-echoed in New England did the multitude arise and crush the monstrous wrong. Now comes the enfranchisement of woman. Shall the fetters be riveted still tighter which bind her to the skeleton of past laws? No, the church must be united to state as God to Nature, then the glorious end will be accomplished. And come it must, as well try to stop the starry hosts of heaven as blockade the movement of Spiritualism, for that word includes all progressive movements. This religion just at its manhood demands a broader field. Religion must be the rule of life and go hand in hand with our common duties. We shall yet see upon earth a heaven of truth, purity, justice, and right, and have a religion which will save the soul, without condemning the surroundings of earth life.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray of Park Street Church, spoke before the Young Men's Christian Union, at Music Hall, Sunday evening, March 24th. The crowd was dense, and the deep attention to every word which fell from the speakers lips was highest praise. From Mathew v:17 he went on to say: Faith is a necessity; from it comes the natural food for the intellect; it is to the mind what wine is to the blood; it fills with warmth and quickness into lively motion, strengthens the imagination, and is to the dull brain of ordinary thought what the flush of morning is to the darkening clouds. Our land is full of skeptical doubts, and the elements of explosion should not be stimulated in this country. We must toil on through fire and smoke, and rest assured the banner of the Lord will have a victory. The banner will be sadly rent, soiled from staff to pennant, but then the angels shall drape them at last in the government of universal peace. If a christian is not fit for good society here he is not fit to go to heaven, for it is better there than here, although it may seem difficult for a Bostonian to credit. The blessed condition of mind which is so well depicted in the scriptures comes only to those who ponder, suffer and believe. God is only interpreted at present on the theological side, and imperfectly at that, but a time is coming when all things will bear testimony to their Creator. The religious expression of the age is imperfect in its desire to educate the poor and elevate the social classes; but because of this we must not disregard it. It has not reached its floral beauty, 'tis only in the bud. I impeach the method of church building which only accommodates the spiritual necessities of two out of five of the population. Of the churches in your city none are for the poorer class. We must not let go the ropes, the bells must still be rung, and the problem solved.

MARION.

MRS. MARY M. HARDY.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—The generous kindness you have manifested toward the mediumship of this lady suggests to me the hope that you would be pleased to hear of a "surprise party," with which she was favored last evening, at her Parlors No. 4, Concord Square, Boston. The occasion was a decided success, and drew together a large number of genial friends, both new and old. I have, myself, during the past half century attended all sorts of meetings among the religious sects at which the "Holy Ghost" has been believed to be "present in great power;" and when hymns of praise and thanksgiving" have been indulged in freely, as expressive of the general joy of such occasions.

But I can soberly and in truth declare that no spasmodic exhibitions of religious excitement I ever saw manifested at any Methodist Camp meeting, Conference, or Love-feast, could begin to compare with the serene joy, the genial atmosphere which I have often witnessed at these gatherings such as I enjoyed in Mrs. Hardy's rooms last evening. And to show you how much this good woman, and her equally good husband are appreciated by their numerous friends here, I may state that the friendly feeling was demonstrated by a variety of tokens, such as two large chairs (cost $75) and a beautiful floral piece for Mrs. Hardy's private office. This room is thus made still more convenient, cosy and attractive, if possible, than before.

Two large engravings for the Parlors, [Washington and his Generals and Lady Washington's Reception] obtained by the efforts of R. H. Spaulding, and M. Crosby, and presented by Richard Holmes in behalf of the several donors. Also two beautiful vases by Mrs. Stone, and bouquets by Mr. A. Davis in memory of two children passed away.

At about ten o'clock the company were invited to the dining room where fruit, creams, and all the luxuries of the season were in waiting, and the "tests" applied by all the participants were declared to be every way perfectly satisfactory. After a seance with Mrs. Hardy, and some gratulatory remarks from an old friend present, the party separated at an early hour in the morning, in ardent hope that "by and by" we "should all meet again." L. R. S.

MARCH 30, 1872.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE spirit of Mrs. Deborah Bather o Saginaw City, Mich, put on its immortal robes, on the evening of Monday, March 25th. Forty seven years of earth life had endeared her to many hearts, and, besides the loss to her own family, which is irreparable, a vacancy, which will long be recognized is made in a large circle of friends: kind, gentle, and affectionate, none knew her but to love her. With a heart overflowing with love to all about her she "bound it like an amulet of safety to her heart forevermore." A firm, earnest, and consistent Spiritualist, she had no fears for the change, and put off her mortal garments with a cheerful heart. I attended her funeral, and spoke the words of our knowledge, to her gathered relatives and friends on the morning of the 28th. We laid the outer casket away, but her husband, children, mother, sister, brother, and friends, have already the consoling consciousness of her presence still in their midst; they know she is not dead, nor sleeping, nor even absent from them, but that their loss, through the absence of the visible form, is her eternal gain.

N. FRANK WHITE.

PASSED ON.

On Monday, March 25th, Anna Mortimer, of Lyons, Michigan, wife of Simeon Mortimer and daughter of John Mott, passed to the higher life, aged sixty-two years.

She was a woman of saintly purity and great kindness, calm, true, self-poised, wise to counsel, ready to help, a nurse of the sick, a fit companion of the young and cheerful, a friend to all, universally beloved and revered.

Bound by no creed or outward authority she was frank and sincere in the expression of her views on religious subjects as on all others, yet the sweet and lofty harmony of her spirit disarmed and conquered all bigotry or prejudice, and she had warm friends among members of the "orthodox" churches as well as among Spiritualists and others with whom she more nearly agreed.

Wisely active in every reform, ready for every philanthropic work, tender and thoughtful to husband and daughter, a help and refuge for the sorrowing or the weak, it may truly be said at the close of her twenty years' life in Lyons,

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

The Methodist church was well filled with her friends who thus testified their reverent regard for her and their sympathy for her family; and G. B. Stebbins of Detroit gave an appreciative funeral discourse. S.

Notices of Meetings.

OAKLAND COUNTY CIRCLE.

The next quarterly meeting of the Oakland County Circle will be held in Milford on Saturday and Sunday, April 13th and 14th. Mrs. Pearsall and G. B. Stebbins are engaged as speakers. Homes will be provided for friends coming from a distance. A good attendance solicited.

WM. H. PHILLIPS, President. JULIA A. MCCAIN, Secretary.

The Present Age.

A Weekly Journal,

Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reforms, Polite Literature and General Intelligence.

An Independent Critic on all Popular Movements.

COL. D. M. FOX, - - - EDITOR.

364 WARREN AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Associate Editors:

DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, *at N. Y. Office*, 213 *West 23d Street*.

E. S. WHEELER, *No. 6 Gloucester Place, Boston*.

Woman's Department,

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

The Home Circle,

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE, EDITOR.

W. F. JAMIESON, Corresponding Editor.

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To every new annual subscriber, and to every old subscriber who renews for one year, we will send *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. Read the following:

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The *Young Folks' Rural* is a large and beautiful newspaper for young people and children, started last year, by H. F. N. Lewis, the editor of the *Western Rural*, at Chicago. It is needed in every family.

We trust these liberal offers will induce our friends to canvass their respective neighborhoods for us.

To the several departments of the *PRESENT AGE* we invite the attention of all who have faith in humanity and who believe in the progress of religious ideas, and we earnestly solicit the aid of all such to sustain our journal. Specimen copies sent free to all who apply.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We are pleased to welcome once more in its full size, our cotemporary, the PRESENT AGE, which since the Chicago fire has been issued as an extra, gradually increasing its borders until No. 1 of Vol. VI. lies on our table looking as if it meant work in a field where there is so much requirement for activity. It is published at 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago—New York office, 213 West 23d street. Col. D. M. Fox, with Dr. F. L. H. Willis and E. S. Wheeler as Associates, and W. F. Jamieson Corresponding Editor, will with determination continue the struggle which all liberal newspapers must keep up with an opposing world. In his salutatory address the editor says he shall endeavor to make the AGE "A faithful reporter of the facts of Spiritualism and an exponent of its science and progress, as well as the honest teacher of the spiritual philosophy of nature, and the morality of practical sense and humanity. * * * "Not denying the use of any publication, nor the excellence of some, there is yet left a portion of the field of action unoccupied, where a good work may be done, if the liberal Spiritualists of the time can be induced to second our efforts. * * * Conceding liberty to others, we shall preserve and exercise it ourselves, and at once frankly repudiate help that must be bought by compromise of truth, or retained at the cost of freedom of speech. * * * Aspiring to preserve the good and develop the better, we ask the help in every way of all true hearts and clear heads, in our effort to establish the supremacy of the best."—*Banner of Light*

THE Chicago *Present Age* has reappeared from the ashes of Chicago, and appeals to the Spiritualists of the country whom it so ably and faithfully represents, for sympathy and aid. Col. Fox, its editor, seems all undaunted by the reverses he has experienced, and expresses his intention to battle on whatever may betide. If his paper had nothing else but this unwavering zeal to recommend it, it should receive every encouragement, but it has more, being in every respect worthy of the confidence and regard of the public. We wish the *Age* from the present time all success.—*Port Huron Commercial*.

THE PRESENT AGE.

This excellent journal, published in the city of Chicago, has bravely stood the test of fire, gradually resuming its original dimensions, notwithstanding the entire loss of office, material, presses and all.

The AGE is devoted to the advancement of spiritual philosophy, literature, science, general intelligence and social reform as enunciated by some of the deepest thinkers and best reasoners among the cultivated minds of the present day.

The editorial staff is composed of Col. D. M. Fox, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, E. S. Wheeler and W. F. Jamieson. Mr. Wheeler, one of the editors, is now in our city, and is recognized here, as elsewhere, as a gentleman of the highest stamp. He has shown himself, both in social circle and in the lecture-room, a gentleman of high intellectual caste; and in the business community has won confidence and esteem. He is a fitting representative of a journal advocating none but the purest and most unexceptionable morality. THE PRESENT AGE is not a persecutor of orthodoxy, but a clear eliminator of science, philosophy and spiritualized thought, and an earnest and able advocate of true religion, and political and social reform.

For specimen copies of the AGE, address Col. D. M. Fox, 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.—*Memphis Real Estate Bulletin*.

"THE PRESENT AGE."—This is the title of a weekly journal published in Chicago, devoted to religious, political and social reforms, and edited by Col. D. M. Fox. It is one of the best, and in some respects the very best, of all the exponents of Spiritualism published in America. The subscription price is three dollars per annum, or ten dollars for four copies. Address, Col. D. M. Fox, 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago. Our friends will find specimens of this paper at the store of D. Camomile, Post Office Building.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

THE PRESENT AGE deals with the living social and religious questions of the time and is ably edited.—*Daily Times* (Council Bluffs.)

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THE PRESENT AGE is a large weekly paper independent and liberal in its criticisms of all questions—moral, religious and political.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) Morning Herald*.

THE PRESENT AGE is a spiritual paper, advocating religious, political, and social reforms. It stands high in the field of letters.—*The Daily Nonpareil* (Council Bluffs.)

Woman's Department.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

The right of woman to participate in the government cannot be denied, and the government will be made purer and better for her participation.—*Senator Trumbull, of Ill.*

For the Present Age.

INTUITION.

BY DAISY.

Alone they sat at eventide,
A blue eyed lover and his maid,
While o'er a chess board at their side
With careless ease, their fingers strayed.

He in the game had lost a score,
While she the laurels all had won,
And wore them well; but now, no more
Did she desire ahead to run—

Raising her dark eyes to his face
She whispered, "move to suit me, dear,
I'll promise, with a woman's grace,
To bring you where you need not fear.

With eyes cast down upon the floor
He answered, "Love, but is it best
That I should act as you implore,
Can my whole conscience stand the test?"

"What if this plan should bring you harm,
And foil your best move in the game,
Would you not start in quick alarm,
And on me cast a little blame?"

"Try me," she said, "I am thy friend,
Semper Fidelis I will be,
This game of chess may be the end
Of games, for days, to you and me."

With man's faith in true woman's word,
He made the move, to suit her mood,
And with gay words of sweet accord,
He praised her grace of womanhood.

And ever in the game of life,
If men would go where women call,
Glad peace would come where now is strife,
And fold her banner over all.

Woman's wit, versus man's love,
Unlinks the chain to many a fate,
And raises both to higher power,
And purer thought, from low estate.

And man will ne'er checkmated be
If for the truth he fights with might,
For God, whose eye all causes see,
Will bring bright morning out of night.

THE CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.

BY SHOGE TAKATO.

[The following article, under the above caption, possesses peculiar interest from the circumstance stated in the following letter:]

BROOKLYN, March 5, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—The Japanese are just now attracting, and that deservedly, a large share of public attention in this country. For this reason, and because your journal is so earnest and pronounced in its advocacy of "Higher Education for Women," I send you herewith a "composition" written by one of the Brooklyn Polytechnic students. I deem the production especially interesting as a specimen of the material whereon the great hopes for Japan are building. Shoge Takato, the writer, was twenty-one years old at the date of the writing, in November last. When he left home, a year before, he had not one sentence of English at his command. Now he is pursuing the study of such branches as Geometry, Chemistry and Political Economy, and is maintaining himself handsomely in his classes.

Very truly yours,
ROBERT FOSTER.

IN music there are a thousand instruments, each differing from the other in its pitch and sound. The object, however, is not to separate them, but to unite and harmonize them, so as to produce an enchanting melody, which can never be obtained from any single sound.

So the object of God, in creating all things and beings, and giving them forms and characters differing one from another, is, no doubt, to unite them and produce a temperate and accomplished whole.

The burning winds of the tropics, uniting with the freezing blasts from the poles, cause the mild and temperate clime where Spring flowers smile and spontaneous products grow. God has given the man a character bold and strong, the woman one mild and gentle, differing one from the other as the piercing sound of the flute from the soft tone of the harp. His object is evident in itself, and requires no solution. Look at the nations who are treating woman as a slave or an instrument of their sports. They are very low in their civilization, and, like wild beasts, are constantly biting and fighting. From the law of God and the instances furnished by these nations, I see, then, clearly that the characters of the sexes must blend and help each the other, otherwise great discord in the music of Nature will be the result.

Female colleges and academies are excellent and important institutions; but they have nothing to do in the matter of tempering the characters of the sexes. Only in co-education of the sexes can we secure both ends at once—the cultivation of their intellects and the harmonizing of their characters.

In thus co-educating, we teach them in the same school, by the same professors and with the same books; therefore, during the entire session, from day to day and from month to month, the opinions and the purposes of the sexes will gradually and naturally harmonize. The saucy mischievousness of the boys will be tempered by the gentle politeness of the girls, and the vain fancy and timid weakness of the girls will take on the primitive simplicity and determined steadiness of the boys, and at last a moderate, accomplished, and unblemished virtue and culture will be attained by both the sexes.

Some say the wives of officers have nothing to do in the offices, and the wives of merchants do not interfere with the business; consequently for woman there is no need of such an education as that required for man. The opinion is worthy of the farmer in the old story, who, thinking that the trees and not the ground bore the fruits, scattered his fertilizers over the leaves and boughs of the trees, and left the ground unenriched and uncultivated. But, ere his boast of the new economical invention spread to his neighbors, all his trees had died. If we are able to make the world fruitful by cultivating man only, leaving woman a desert, the trees of the farmer should have borne the fruit.

When a tree is young it easily bends; a pin for a post and a thread for a rope are enough to twist it into any shape.

A small rivulet can be stopped or led in any direction without difficulty, even by a single hoe in the hand of a child.

But after the tree has grown into a towering trunk with the boughs weaving in the clouds; or, after the rivulet has become a mighty river with billows on its surface, and carrying down millions of tons of soil every year, nothing in the world can either stop the one or bend the other. It is plain, then, that if we teach men from their youth the effort will be successful, and we have no doubt of success in the attempt to harmonize the sexes by co-educating them from their youth. The great disadvantage of co-education advanced by many is, that it will make young gentlemen and young ladies too intimate and occasion objectionable associations.

But what is the province of the school, and what are the subsequent relations of the sexes?

The school is not the place in which reading and cyphering alone are to be taught, and the subsequent relation of the sexes is not to be that of opposition and isolation.

It seems to me then, very foolish that men should attempt to prevent the occurrence of injuries by keeping their children separated closely, one sex from the other.

Two country people caught two young foxes and brought them home to domesticate. A. put his fox into a yard of domestic fowls, while B. kept his closely away from the sight of fowls, fearing that the fox would catch them.

But to the surprise of B. A's fox did no harm to the fowls, but played with them and slept with them, though it grew big and strong.

So B., following the example of A., let his fox loose and free among the fowls, that had hitherto been kept away from its eyes.

But again to his surprise his fox caught one of the fowls and fled away with it.

If we co-educate the sexes from their youth as A. did his young fox and fowls, I am certain that they will agree and dwell in concord, and no trouble will occur, provided the rules in the school are perfect and carefully observed. But if we should follow the policy of B., I am afraid or rather sure that at the time when the sexes reach their full age and are set free, the pic-nic and the party will become scenes of wrong and fields of shame, as when B.'s fox ran at large among the fowls of the yard.
—*Liberal Christian.*

AFTER-SUPPER TALK

"After-dinner talk" has been thought of great importance. The expression has passed into literature, with many records of the good sayings it included. Kings and ministers condescend to make effort at it; poets and philosophers—greater than kings and ministers—do not disdain to attempt to shine in it.

But nobody has yet shown what "after-supper talk" ought to be. We are not speaking now of the formal entertainment known as "a supper;" we mean the every-day evening meal in the every-day home—the meal known heartily and commonly as "supper," among people who are neither so fashionable nor so foolish as to take still a fourth meal at hours when they ought to be asleep in bed.

This ought to be the sweetest and most precious hour of the day. It is too often neglected and lost in families. It ought to be the mother's hour; the mother's opportunity to undo any mischief the day may have done, to forestall any mischief the morrow may threaten. There is an instinctive disposition in most families to linger about the supper-table, quite unlike the eager haste which is seen at breakfast and at dinner. Work is over for the day; everybody is tired, even the little ones who have done nothing but play. The father is ready for slippers and a comfortable chair; the children are ready and eager to recount the incidents of the day. This is the time when all should be cheered, rested, and also stimulated by just the right sort of conversation, just the right sort of amusement.

The wife and mother must supply this need, must create this atmosphere. We do not mean that the father does not share the responsibility of this, as of every other hour. But this particular duty is one requiring qualities which are more essentially feminine than masculine. It wants a light touch and an *undertone* to bring out the full harmony of the ideal home evening. It must not be a bore. It must not be empty; it must not be too much like preaching; it must not be like play; more than all things, it must not be always—no, not if it could be helped, not even twice—the same. It must be that most indefinable, most recognizable thing, "a good time." Bless the children for inventing the phrase! It has, like all their phrases, an unconscious touch of sacred inspiration in it, in the selection of the good word "good," which, coming from God, lays peculiar benediction on all things to which it is set.

If there were no other reasons against children having lessons assigned them to study at home, we should consider this a sufficient one, that it robs them of the after-supper hour with their parents. Even if their brains could bear without injury the sixth, seventh, or eighth hour, as it may be, their hearts can not bear the being starved.

In the average family, this is the only hour in the day when father, mother and children can be together, free of cares and unhurried. Even to the poorest laborer's family comes now something like peace and rest, forerunning the intermission of the night.

Everybody who has any artistic sense recognizes this instinctively when they see through the open doors of humble houses the father and mother and children gathered around their simple supper. Its mention has already passed into triteness in verse, so inevitably have poets felt the sacred charm of the hour.

Perhaps there is something deeper than on first thoughts would appear in the instant sense of pleasure one has in this sight: also, in the universal feeling that the evening gathering of the family is the most sacred one. Perhaps there is unconscious recognition that dangers are near at hand when night falls, and that in this hour lies, or should lie, the spell to drive them all away.

There is something almost terrible in the mingling of danger and protection, of harm and help, of good and bad, in that one thing, darkness. God "giveth his beloved sleep" in it; and in it the devil sets his worst lures, by help of it gaining many a soul which he could never get possession of in sunlight.

Mother, father! cultivate "after-supper talk;" play "after-supper games;" keep "after-supper books;" take all the good newspapers and magazines you can afford, and read them aloud after "supper." Let your boys and girls bring their friends home with them at twilight, sure of a pleasant and hospitable welcome and of a good time "after supper," and you may laugh to scorn all the temptations which town or village can set before them to draw them away from home for their evenings.

These are but hasty hints, bare suggestions. But if they arouse one heart to a new realization of what evenings at home *ought* to be, and what evenings at home too often are, they have not been spoken in vain nor out of season.—*Hearth and Home.*

SISTERS.—There is nothing so beneficially educating to a young man as the companionship of sisters. They laugh him out of those little awkwardnesses of manner, which otherwise might become habitual. They refine him unconsciously in all matters of taste and politeness. They nip the little buds of puppyism, which under other circumstances might flaunt their flowering before less partial eyes. When brothers refuse to accompany their sisters in order to dance attendance upon other young ladies, let them remember who made them presentable and agreeable to "the other young ladies." It is better to be laughed at at home than abroad, young man.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—The chapel of St. Luke's Hospital was filled with a large congregation yesterday, to listen to Bishop Vail, of Kansas, who presented the importance of sustaining Protestant Episcopal institutions in the West. A special appeal was made in behalf of the school for girls in Topeka, Kansas. Female education, he said, demands grave attention. Women enjoy more privileges now than for years past. They are admitted to many legal rights formerly denied them, and a position in the body politic is allowed them from which they were once entirely excluded. Nowhere in the country are women of more political, as well as social importance than in the great West. In some of the States they are even allowed to vote. They should receive a proper training for these important duties which the spirit of the age is calling upon them to fulfill. The Roman Catholics have made extensive and costly provision for the education of women, not far from a half million of dollars having been invested by them for this purpose within and on the immediate borders of Kansas.—*New York Times.*

BE CHEERFUL.—Look happy, if you do not feel so. Present a cheerful exterior, though your heart and mind be troubled. Never wear a face which, as Sidney Smith says, "is a breach of the peace." Dr. Johnson used to observe that the habit of looking at the best side of a thing was worth more to a man than a thousand pounds a year, and Samuel Smiles observes: "We possess the power, to a great extent, of so exercising the will as to direct the thoughts upon objects calculated to yield happiness and improvement, rather than their opposites. In this way, the habit of happy thought may be made to spring up like any other habit. And to bring up men or women with a genuine nature of this sort, a good temper and a happy frame of mind is, perhaps, of even more importance in many cases, than to perfect them in much knowledge and many accomplishments.

Woman's Memorandum.

SEVENTY-EIGHT women are now regularly ordained preachers in the United States.

Two Boston girls have recently become paralyzed from the use of cosmetics.

A WOMAN named Sarah Pinckney is Captain of one of the steam boats on the Mississippi.

A YOUNG colored woman was graduated Tuesday from the Law Department of Howard University, Washington.

WE learn that in many places this winter, the two lecturers who have drawn the largest audiences are Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Burleigh. Which is creditable to the lyceums as well as complimentary to the lecturers.

LITTLE Mary Wouner of York, Penn., discovered a broken rail in a railroad track the other day, and thereupon swung her apron to the engineer of an approaching train in so energetic a fashion that he stopped his train, and saved it from destruction.

THE wife of a sick man, living in Saginaw County, Mich., shouldered her husband's axe, went into the woods and manufactured two hundred hoop-poles, and then drove seventeen miles to Ovid, in an open sleigh with the mercury nine degrees below zero, to sell them. The fall fires had burned up their stock of staves, and the sickness of the husband had made the family destitute.

WOMAN can more keenly than man "taste the pure enjoyment that results from the mere growth and exercise of good feelings." Who so well as she knows how much more true pleasure is in one peaceful moment of modest goodness than in all the excitement that waits on the gaudy game of ambition? She is never so happy, as when doing most and asking least.—*Alger.*

SOME of the first applicants for charity in Chicago came in curious styles. One lady presented herself at a station in a black velvet dress and camel's-hair shawl, and begged for a calico dress and accompaniments to work in. "Of course I shall sell my shawl as soon as possible," she said, "but meanwhile I am doing my own work, and this dress is the only one I saved." So there she stood, a curious example of the rich destitution of "Chicago as it is."

WE cannot hold too constant or too worshipful communion with such women as the Grand Duchess Louise of Weimar, Madame Recamier, Madame Swetchine, or the Duchess of Orleans. The secret of their divine skill is not flattery, but deferential treatment. They take for granted, that their friends have noble qualities and admirable aims, and treat them accordingly, with a respectful attention which heightens the self respect of the recipients. Neglect is insolent, and contempt is injurious. He who suffers them is hurt and lowered. One blessed magic there is, as guileless as it is supreme. This charm, this witchcraft, is a sincere and honoring attention.—*Alger.*

[The] Home Circle.

[BE]NTON CRIDGE, EDITOR.

[...]SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD

[Gu]ard, my child, thy tongue,
[Th]at it speak no wrong;
[Le]t no evil word pass o'er it;
[Se]t the watch of truth before it;
[Th]at it do no wrong,
[Gu]ard, my child, thy tongue.

[Gu]ard, my child, thine eyes
[...] is not wise;
[...] them look on what is right,
[Fro]m all evil turn their sight;
[...] is not wise,
[Gu]ard, my child, thine eyes.

[Gu]ard, my child, thine ear;
[Wi]cked words will sear;
[...] evil words come in
[Th]at may cause thy soul to sin;
[Wi]cked words will sear,
[Gu]ard, my child, thine ear.

[Ea]r and eye, and tongue,
[Gu]ard while thou art young;
[Fo]r alas! these busy three
[...] unruly members be,
[Gu]ard while thou art young,
[Ea]rs and eyes, and tongue.

[LI]TTLE PHILOSOPHERS.

CHAPTER V.

[...] learning to cook, you [...]ther. I can cook just as well [...]; can't I Mary?" said Ben, [...] standing near the kitchen [...] knife in his hand, superin[...] the cooking of some eggs in [...]ing-pan: "I'm a splendid [...] I'm going to learn to cook [...]ing, so if my wife is ever sick, [...] have no help, I will be able to [...]er or supper for her; or, if [...]er cast on a lonely island, or [...] wild countries I will be able [...] up nice meals."

[...] you can hire out as cook [...] hotel," said Mary the cook.

[...] no," replied Ben, "I rather [...] that I won't choose that pro[...]. But I am going to travel all [...] the world. I'm going to China [...] Russia, and Alaska, and the [...] pole. Only wait till grand[...] comes here on a visit; he is [...] very soon, and then you will [...] about travels, and shipwrecks, [...]nderful adventures. Grand[...] has traveled in several coun[...]. He was shipwrecked once on [...] Island and he had to [...] I suppose; I just think every[...] should learn to cook. Now [...] are done let me have a plate, [...] please."

[...] had been to the village of [...] about five miles from their [...] and had just returned on horse[...]. Down he sat at the kitchen [...] and while he ate, declared his [...] were splendid. His mother [...] near the table, looking pleas[...] on her boy and listening to his [...].

[...] hope father will be home in time [...] the Bible and let us have a [...] time."

[...] father is here now, Ben," [...] his mother, "and I believe [...] programme for to-night is the [...].

[...] good, good," said Ben, as his [...] left the kitchen, "don't have [...] begin till I come."

[Whi]le Ben eats his supper we will [...] with Mrs. Howe to the sitting [...]. There sits good Dr. Howe in [...] easy chair; the large Bible is open [...] table, Frank is reading, and [...] is sitting near the large bay [...] telling Dorie and Ray a [...]. Had we only arrived a little [...] we might have heard the [...] but never mind. Viccie is [...] story teller and we will have [...] an opportunity, I presume, in [...] future. Dr. Howe, though his [...] was toward them, had been [...]ing, and when Viccie finished [...] to her, "Viccie you are a [...] story teller."

[...] she is! so she is!" repeated [...] "I like Viccie's stories better [...] any book stories."

[...] she is not half as good as [...] father," said Ben who had [...] come into the sitting room. "He [...] tell you stories that are stories, [...] he comes. He will be here in [...] weeks, then look out for stories! [...] us have Bible stories now, [...] I like them first-rate."

[...] would like to know," said Vic[...] why the Father's of the church [...] objected to the idea of Jupiter [...] four planets."

[...] Because," said her father, "they said it was impossible that there could be more than seven planets, for there were only seven branches to the candle-stick in the Tabernacle, and only seven churches in Asia."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Ben, "they might as well have said that there could only be seven cats in the world, for there were only seven days in the week. Those Holy Fathers of the church must have been very wise fellows!"

"You are right Ben," said Dr. Howe. "Now listen to the Bible, the word of God. But I think we will go back and read from the 20th verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis." When he had finished reading he said; "According to this Bible story of creation on the fifth and sixth days God made every living thing; every beast, bird, fish, and last of all, towards evening of the sixth day, he made man. Not six thousand years ago! We know that this is false. Geology proves that it is not true. Animals existed on the earth millions of years before men appeared. There are rocks miles deep, that have been formed between the appearance of one kind of animals and the appearance of another kind, and this proves that they were not all made together."

"According to the Bible," said Frank, "God made cattle first, then reptiles, then beasts, and last, man; but geology proves that fishes existed first, then reptiles, beasts, cattle, man."

"How do you know?" said Ray.

"Because in the rocks, miles deep, in the rocks farthest down in the earth, are found the impressions of the fishes that lived in the waters at that time. In the next kind of rocks, above the other rocks, are found fossil birds; and in the rocks above these, are fossil beasts, and in those rocks nearest to the top of the earth are cattle; and then last of all, *man.*"

"Yes," said Viccie, "and it must have taken thousands and millions of years to have deposited the small particles which make all the rocks in which are found these fossils; and each kind of animal must have lived thousands of years before another kind came into existence."

"That is so," said Ben, "and oh, what a long long time it must have taken to deposit rocks that are miles deep!"

"And," said Viccie, "you see that the Bible story of creation is not true; for it tells what we have proved false when it says that all things were made in six days, and only about six thousand years ago."

"But," said their father, "some orthodox believers in this story of creation say, that the six days mean six great periods of time; each one including millions of years. What do you think of that idea?"

"Then," said Ben, "the seventh or Sabbath day, on which God rested after his hard week's work, must be millions of years long; and he must be resting yet as it is only about six thousand years since he finished all his work."

"Yes," said Viccie, "and what nonsense it is to tell folks to keep the Sabbath day holy, because God rested on that day, if the Sabbath is millions of years long."

"According to that," said Frank, "nobody should do any work for some millions of years."

"And," said Ben, "if a day meant millions of years, as God made evening and morning, day and night, grass and fruit trees, before he made the sun, moon and stars to give light to this little world of ours, then for millions of years there were grass and fruit trees before there was the sun or moon or stars. I tell you, father, this whole story of creation has no more truth in it than Jack the giant killer or Mother Goose."

Then they all laughed aloud for Ben was such an earnest fellow, and spoke right out whatever he thought in such an earnest way, who could help laughing?

"So God created man in his own image after his own likeness."

This the Dr. read but could go no farther, for Frank remarked, "Then God must be in the image of man."

"In one part of Genesis," said Dr. Howe, "we are told 'In the likeness of God made he him.'"

"I've read in the Bible," said Ben, "about the loins, bowels, lips and hair of God."

"And God walked and talked and wrestled," said Viccie.

"Yes, and he had to come down to see what was going on below," said Ben, "and he showed his hind parts to Moses."

"Yes," said Ray, "and he got down on his knees and put his mouth to the first man's nose and breathed so as to make him alive."

"Just fancy you see a God doing that," said Ben.

"The heavens are his throne and the earth his footstool," said Viccie.

"Why," said Ray in astonishment, "it would take all the shoemakers in the world to make him a pair of shoes!"

Oh! funny, comical Ray!

"God is tired, it seems from the Bible, by hard work," said Viccie, "for he had to rest on the seventh day from all his labor, and it seems to me that the Bible God is really in our image and likeness, or we are in his image and likeness; whichever way you like to put it."

"If every man was one man what a big man that would be," said Ray.

"And yet he would not be as large as the Bible God," said Ben, "for we are told that he fills all space."

"Then his nose is bigger than a mountain," said Ray, "I think he must be one very ugly fellow."

But Dorie said in a low voice, only intended for Ray's ears. "You know it is all made up and is not true."

"I know, I know, I guess I do, all about it," replied Ray.

"I would like to know," said Ben, "how long man has lived on the earth. What does history say about it father?"

"I have read," said the Dr., "a work called the 'Manual of the Ancient History of the East' in which the Egyptian kings, it is said, were in existence five thousand and four years before Christ; or, one thousand years before God made man according to the Bible; and according to Sir Charles Lyell, a geologist, it is more than a hundred thousand years since the early men of France lived. The remains of men have been found buried with those of extinct animals; animals, that must have lived a hundred thousand years ago; and yet, according to the Bible, it is not six thousand years since man was made. Ansted in his 'Earth's history,' says it would appear that the lowest human remains must be of a date carrying us back a quarter of a million of years."

"I wish," said Ray, "you would talk about gorillas, or a tiger; I am tired of that Bible talk. I just think the Bible is simple and it does'nt know what it is talking about, does it Dorie?"

"Well, let us talk about the gorilla—your great great grandfather," said Dr. Howe.

"Is that so?" said Ray, "do we really come from monkeys, father?"

"Did we really?" asked Dorie. "Tell us, father, what makes you laugh so?"

"Some of the wisest men and women in the world, believe that we are a development of the monkey," said her father. "They think that long, long ago, the monkey's face gradually became more beautiful; that its hands though very like our hands, became more and more perfect in shape; that it ceased from going on all fours and walked as we do to-day upright; that its brain was gradually enlarged and strengthened; and then it began to think and reason much better than it ever did before, until at last, it learned to make rough tools to work with, light a fire, build huts and a great many other things, and finally the monkey became a man and did'nt like to believe that his ancestors were only monkeys!"

"I suppose the monkeys are walking up towards human beings now. How nicely they use their hands," said Frank. "I have read of a monkey that had bad teeth so he used to crack nuts with a stone, and then hide the stone under the straw, so that the other monkeys could not find it. Some monkeys build platforms on which they sleep, others build huts for themselves, and some wash their babies in streams of water, and no matter how much they cry they must take a good washing and rubbing."

"I have read," said Dr. Howe, "of some gentlemen in Abyssinia who made an attack on some baboons with fire arms. They were near a pass in the mountains, and the baboons rolled so many stones down the mountains, some of them as large as one's head, that the men had to run away as fast as they could scamper."

"Oh! that is good," said Ray. "Tell some more monkey stories. I like them far better than the Bible."

"I have read of an American monkey," said Dr. Howe, "that used to drive away the flies that plagued her baby, and one gentleman saw a monkey washing the faces of her children in a stream of water. In North Africa a gentleman kept several kinds of monkeys and some of the females, when their young ones died, grieved so intensely, they died also. And one female baboon so loved babies that she adopted several little monkeys, also dogs and cats, which she carried about with her everywhere: but, she never gave her adopted babies anything to eat, which was curious, for monkeys always divide with their little ones."

"O! I do like to talk about them," said Ray. "Tell us more, please!"

"You seem to be quite interested in your great grandfathers and great grandmothers," said Frank.

"And your great grandfathers and grandmothers too," said Ray, pointing his finger at Frank and repeating, "ah! ah! ah!"

"I would just as soon be made out of a baby monkey," said Dorie, "as be made out of dirty dust."

"I would rather be made out of a monkey than dirt," said Ray.

INCIDENT IN A HORSE CAR.—It is better to be thoughtless than selfish, and young people often do and say rude things without bad intention. But true politeness thinks of the comfort of others, and is ready to make sacrifices especially for the sick and the aged. The following paragraph is suggestive:

A few mornings since, a Fourth Avenue car was at a little before nine o'clock, crowded with pupils. Some of them were girls on their way to the Normal College, in Fourth Street, and others were lads proceeding to the "College of the City of New York."

We have called these pupils girls and boys, but at the so-called colleges, the nomenclature in vogue is that of ladies and gentlemen.

The car stopped to admit a passenger. There entered a very feeble lady, who looked in vain along the rows of young students for a seat. Not one of the young ladies evinced respect for age or concern for feebleness, and the lady was obliged to stand.

A gentleman in the car, who was also standing, turned to a youth about fifteen, and politely asked him if he would not surrender his seat to the old lady. This young gentleman, who was under training for culture and respectability at the public expense, was swift and uncompromising in reply.

"You go to the bad place!" was his prompt rejoinder.

Doubtless, this is an extreme case. But one never enters a car without having conspicuous evidence of the rude manners of Young America. If an elderly or feeble person enters a car, some lady or gentleman will promptly offer a seat, but very rarely does a boy do more than stare with insolent self-satisfaction at the new comer.

Boys, of course have legal rights to their seats, but the amenities of life often cost a surrender of mere right, and he must be selfish, indeed, who cannot compliment age and respect infirmity without stopping to make a calculation as to his lawful immunity from such virtues.

EVERY MIND HAS ITS SPECIAL CAPACITY.—I am of the opinion that every mind that comes into the world has its own speciality—is different from every other mind; that each of you brings into the world a certain bias, a disposition to attempt something of its own, something *your* own—an aim a little different from that of any of your companions: and that every young man and every young woman is a failure so long as each does not find what is his or her own bias; that just so long as you are influenced by those around you, so long as you are attempting to do those things which you see others do well instead of doing that thing which you can do well, you are so far wrong, so far failing of your own right mark. Everybody sees the difference in children. They very early discover their tastes. One has a taste for going abroad, another for staying at home; one for books, another for games; one wishes to hear stories, another wants to see things done; one is fond of drawing, the other cannot draw at all, but he can make a machine. This difference, as you advance, becomes more pronounced. You are more distinct in your conception of what you can do—more decided in avoiding things which you cannot and do not wish to do. Now, I conceive that success is in finding what it is that you yourself really want, and pursuing it; freeing yourself from all importunities of your friends to do something which they like, and insisting upon that thing which you like and can do.—*Emerson.*

ARITHMETIC FOR GIRLS.

The second operation of mankind, following upon mutual communication of ideas is computation of interest, or the science of numbers. Therefore, arithmetic is one of the principal branches of instruction. As, until now, woman has been thought incapable of logical methods of procedure in daily life, the manipulation of numbers has always appeared unsuited to her, and arithmetic has been a subject taught her in a most superficial and dry way. But numbers have meaning; and arithmetic can be made one of the most agreeable and vivifying branches of teaching, even for girls; or, as we should say, particularly for girls. Notwithstanding all the immense mathematical genius in the English nation, the science of measures, either abstract or concrete, has not yet been so formed for beginners that it should stamp upon young people's memory, not only methods for various arithmetical operations, but also open their minds to those ideas of comparison of interests which underlie all arithmetical processes. The importance of the study of numbers is as great for woman as for man. As provider for their family and dispenser of the family's income, it is absolutely necessary that a methodical association of numbers should exist in woman's brain, and that a logical sequence how, much can be done with a certain amount of monetary means, should result therefrom. Paper arithmetic has been greatly pursued, for girls, in a most desultory manner combination or felicitous without application; and mental arithmetic, which develops thought and straightens perceptive faculties, has altogether been left in the shade. To this form we would direct attention, and we would most particularly impress upon those who are inclined to give female education a higher impulse, that the old method of drawling through the four cardinal simple and compound rules, through some examples of practice, through a most desultory way of rule of three—by putting one number in a mysterious manner in one corner, and the others in opposite directions, and finally by attempting a few fractions—is not arithmetic. A great science is that same arithmetic, opening out to the girl's mind visions of reality that may lead her ultimately to comprehend those great operations of nature of which our earth-science is but a particle. While widening the mind, proper instruction of arithmetic forces upon a girl's attention the value of minutiæ, the importance of operations by small sums for which certain representative articles are to be obtained, and the fundamental notions that everything in life has a comparative representative monetary price.—*Dark Blue.*

Pleasantries.

A DISAPPOINTED lover in Tennessee avenged himself upon the false one by blowing up her pa's smoke-house during the marriage ceremony, darkening the sun at mid-day with a volcanic eruption of hams, sides, and shoulders.

A YOUNG physician in Sedalia, Mo., who had waited patiently three years for a call, at last found the following cheerful order on his slate: "Doctor, come to Jesus."

AHNAPEE, Mich., has an exceedingly beautiful and fascinating young lady barber, and not a young man in the place has a vestige of a whisker or mustache left.

AT the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, a little child was standing with her mother at Lord Ashburton's window, to see the funeral go by. She made no remark until the Duke's horse was led by, the saddle empty and the boots reversed in the stirrups, when she looked up into her mother's face and said, "Mamma, when we die will there be nothing left of us but our boots?"

THE venerable Dr. —— was through his long ministry unequally yoked with a very ill-tempered wife. In the furnace she tended so constantly, he was, we doubt not, purified for the Master's use, and at the age of nearly ninety passed to his rest. When, a few months later, the death of his widow was announced, an old parishioner expressed great regret, saying, "he had hoped the doctor would have had time for a little peace before she followed him."

Temperance.

For the Present Age.

WAITING FOR JOHNNY.

BY ANNA HERBERT.

Two gray heads at the gloaming tide,
Flushed with the sunset, side by side;
Eyes that are dim with looking far
Home, where the heavenly glories are;
But the old man bows his head to pray,
And the mother asks in a troubled way—
"Isn't it time—now the sun is down—
Time for Johnny to come from town?"

Over a window across the way
Tenderly deepens the twilight gray,
And the stars look in, with a soft surprise,
Where a bright young face in the shadow lies,
The mouth aquiver with grief suppressed,
The fair head drooping for want of rest,
And a shadow lies in the eyes so brown,
Watching for Johnny to come from town.

Out in the starlight the shadows meet,
Folding their wings in the quaint old street,
Prone are the curls that were some one's joy,
And the night wind sighs for the erring boy;
But his head is raised from the dewy stone,
And the arm of a brother is round him thrown,
And thus, while the moon and the stars look down,
Johnny, dear Johnny, comes home from town!

Thanks be to God for an angel's wing,
Stirring the waves of the crystal spring!
Thanks for the thrill of a holier song,
Hands that are helpful and spirits strong!
There is a smile for the lips that sigh,
There is a light in the saddest sky,
Crowning the gray head, kissing the brown,
Waiting for Johnny to come from town.

THE EVILS OF SMOKING.—Of the three methods of using tobacco, that of smoking has insinuated itself most extensively among the youth of this country, and is in reality the most hurtful use that can be made of the weed. Tobacco employed in this way, being drawn in by the vital breath, conveys its poisonous influences into every part of the lungs. There the noxious fluid is entangled in the minute, spongy air cells, and has time to exert its pernicious influence on the blood—not in vivifying, but in vitiating it. The blood imbibes the stimulant narcotic principle, and circulates it though the whole system. It produces, in consequence, a febrile action in those of delicate habits. When there is any tendency to phthisic and the tubercular deposit in the lungs, debility of these organs, consequent on the use of tobacco in *this way must favor the deposit of* tuberculous matter, and thus sow the seeds of consumption. This practice impairs the natural taste and relish for food, lessens the appetite, and weakens the power of the stomach greatly. The great prevalence of a craving thirst among smokers can be traced to its action on the lungs; and because it is there instead of in the stomach, the liquors that are drank do not alleviate the thirst, but rather aggravate it. It is time that medical testimony was turned to this point, and the great danger pointed out that threatens to make us a nation of Sybarites and pigmies.

SATAN'S AGENTS.—It seems as though Satan was aware that his deputy, King Alcohol, was about to be deposed from his throne on this continent, and that he was making his final and terrible struggle to maintain the ascendancy of his kingdom. If he can find a religious paper whose columns are for sale, he charters a department of it, and advocates the use of domestic wine as a beverage. If he can find a physician who cares more for his fee then he does for his patient, he visits him in his study, and squatting like the toad in Eden, whispers in his ear the advice to use alcohol in preference to any substitute for medical purposes.

If he can find a politician who like the bat, is half mouse and half bird, flitting in the twilight of public opinion, he pounces upon him and inspires him with the sentiment that temperance is poison to politics. Trusting in Providence as though all depended upon God we intend to labor as though all depended upon our own exertions. "Truth is mighty, and must prevail."

INEBRIETY dethrones the reason, often making of a naturally inoffensive, good-natured man, a furious, raging fiend; it is the demoniac spirit tearing his victim. Thousands die prematurely every year in consequence of drinking, who were never thoroughly drunk in their lives. In *nothing* else do sensible, moral, intelligent men act so irrationally as when they persist in the habitual use of alcoholic liquor.—*Horace Greeley.*

"ALCOHOL is nowhere to be found in any product of nature—was never itself created by God, but is essentially an artificial thing prepared by man through the destructive process of fermentation."—*Prof. H. Munroe, M. D.*

Special Ohio Correspondence.

GEO. WM. WILSON, EDITOR.

All communications for this department, as well as subscriptions and advertisements for the Age orders for books, &c., from persons residing in Ohio, should be sent to the editor, Auburn, Geauga Co., Ohio.

Money may be sent at our risk by Draft Postoffice Money Order, payable at Chardon, Ohio, or by Registered Letters. Terms $2 per annum, 1.50 for six months, 75cts for three months. To all new annual subscribers and all who renew for one year we will send *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*. See terms in full on 8th page.

For the Present Age.

TO MY MADONNA.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

O, blessed mother of the holy Jesus,
To thee I raise my eyes in faltering prayer;
Let thy calm tenderness and gentle pity
Embalm this wintry air!

Look in my soul for thou canst understand me,
Lay thy sweet fingers o'er my poor weak heart;
Learn me to look beyond all pain and anguish
To a diviner part!

And bring me from the heart of thy fair Heaven
A bunch of lilies, fragrant, white and fresh,
Remembering they were precious to thy spirit
When walking in the flesh.

Ours all are dead—it is the noon of winter—
And only in my brief unquiet dreams
Do I catch glimpses of the earth's lost blossoms
Up by the heavenly streams.

And I long deeply for soul thrilling music,
Such as with joy, will almost stop my breath;
One low sweet song wilt thou not deign to sing me,
Learned past this land of death?

Oh not in sullenness, nor with complainings
Lift I my thoughts to thee, star of the skies,
But in hushed sadness, such as the old limners
Painted in thy blue eyes.

Why was it there?—didst know the holy being
Unfolded in thy crimson fount of life
Must wear the mangling thorns—through crucifixion
Ooze out his earthly life?

Ah! those were reeking years of sin and darkness
O'er which Truth walked with garments dripping blood,
More perilous than these to Reason's soldiers
Who, Christ-like, would do good.

Yet now, when light gleams out in patches golden
Wherein men's soul's are growing white and pure,
Too many walk in darkness and black raiment
For Christs to be secure!

Hear now this prayer, framed in the reverent stillness
Where waits my soul, trembling 'twixt joy and pain,
May not the martyrdom, but moral grandeur
Of Jesus live again?

THE AMERICAN LIBERAL TRACT SOCIETY.

The annual report of the American Tract Society shows that the receipts were $169,321; expenditures, $113,068. One hundred and fifty-seven million tracts and 8,000,000 periodicals were issued during the year, chiefly in the South and West. Two hundred and eighty-seven missionary colporteurs were employed, making 278,000 Christian family visits, above one-eighth of the families being without religious books.—*Exchange*

The above extract shows what the orthodox churches are doing to indoctrinate the minds of the people with the dogmas and creeds of the popular theology. One hundred and fifty seven million tracts and eight million periodicals issued in a single year! Who can estimate the influence that these tracts and periodicals will wield over those who read them? While the churches are laboring with such zeal and liberality to make converts, shall Spiritualists fold their hands and idly look on?

The American Liberal Tract Society was organized in 1870, for the "general dissemination of liberal literature to counteract the cramping dogmas spread over the land in tracts and similar publications." We make the following extracts from constitution:

Art. 2. The object of this Society shall be the publication and dissemination of Radical, Spiritualistic and Reformatory Tracts, and other publications, to advance free thought on religious, moral and social topics, which tend to the elevation of humanity.

* * * * * *

Art. 7. Any person favoring the objects of this Society, as herein expressed, can become a member by subscribing to this constitution and the payment of one dollar per annum. The payment of twenty-five dollars shall constitute a life membership."

This society has already issued twenty two four-paged tracts by such authors as William Denton, Harriet Beecher Stowe, E. S. Wheeler, Geo. A. Bacon, Henry C. Wright, William Lloyd Garrison, Lizzie Doten, Wm. Howitt, A. E. Newton, T. Starr King, and Charles Beecher. These tracts are published at the low price of 50 cts. per hundred; $5 per thousand. Spiritualist societies could accomplish a good work by scattering these tracts.

We urge upon our readers the importance of aiding this society in its work. Few Spiritualists are so poor as to be unable to contribute at least one dollar to the funds of this society. We hope every reader of this article will purchase a set of these tracts and distribute them among their neighbors and friends. Officers of organized societies should take hold of this work without delay.

William Denton is president and Albert Morton secretary of the American Liberal Tract Society. Address P. O. Box 518, Boston, Mass.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

This able and justly popular Spiritual journal, the oldest in the field—steadily improves with age. It has been published for fifteen years. During all this time it has been true to its mission; and although persecuted and ridiculed by intolerance and bigotry, it has never swerved from its purpose, but has spoken bold words for the reformatory movements of the age.

The *Banner* is published weekly at Boston, Mass., by William White and Co. Terms $3 per year; $1,50 for six months. Luther Colby is editor, assisted by Lewis B. Wilson. Most of our speakers and writers are contributors to its columns. With correspondents in every direction it presents weekly to its thousands of readers the spiritual news of the world. It contains original stories, essays, reviews, &c., and the lectures of our ablest speakers are frequently reported for its columns. The "Message Department" is an important feature of the *Banner*. Its editorials are able, comprehensive and practical.

We cheerfully recommend the *Banner* to our readers as an ably conducted, interesting and instructive journal, worthy of a liberal patronage.

NOTES.

One of the legends of the Indians, whose country lies east of the Rocky Mountains, tells us of an old warrior who went up a sacred mountain and asked the Great Spirit to take away his life. But after being absent three nights, his people saw him return in the form of a youthful brave, his pipe decorated with the heads and feathers of strange birds. He told them how he had been spirited away into a most beautiful country:—"When he reached the top of the hill, he looked off upon the vast expanse which surrounded him. He saw the village of his people. He could hear the children laugh, the dogs bark. He could hear his kindred mourning, as if some one had been taken from them. He saw the buffalo and the deer covering the plain. He saw the sly wolf in wait to pounce upon his prey. When he looked around and beheld the young warriors in all their pride and strength, he asked himself, 'why do I live any longer? My fires have gone out. I must follow my fathers. The world is beautiful to the young, but to the old it has no pleasures. Far away to the setting sun are the hunting grounds of my people: I will go there.' With this he gathered up all that remained of his failing strength, and leaped into the air from the giddy height before him. He knew no more of the woes of life. He was caught up in midair. He was transported into a smiling country where game was without numbers, where there was no rain, no wind, where the great chiefs of all the Comanches were assembled. They were all young, and chased the buffalo and feasted. There was no darkness; but the Great Spirit was everywhere, and his people were continually happy. Beautiful birds warbled upon the trees; the war-whoop never penetrated those sacred realms."

'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter and intimates eternity to man," declares the Shakesperian drama. It is not true that with all humanity, an idea of God and a conception of immortality are native and instinctive; there are tribes who have no such thoughts, nor language to express them even if they had them. A certain degree of development is the essential condition for the reception or outgrowth of such conditions. Theologic speculation, however, is a plant which starts to growth early in the spring time of mental unfolding, and we find the hope and belief of immortality among the first fruits of thought and enlightenment. Physical needs are the first considerations of savages, then leisure becomes the parent of impressible states of mind and the impress of the spiritual is increasingly felt. These impressions, half recognized, mingle with the element of romance and legendary tradition, and superstitious myths are engendered. As progress continues these legends and myths become scriptural, embodying often crude statements of spiritual facts, and expressions of moral principle and sometimes prophecy.

E. S. W.

G. R. Starkey, A. M., M. D., late of Wilmington, Ohio, has returned to Philadelphia, Pa., of which city he was formerly a resident, to engage in the practice of Medicine. He makes a specialty of the "Compound Oxygen Treatment." Those who wish to know more of this mode of treatment should send for a small treatise written and published by Dr. Starkey.

We are glad to learn that O. P. Kellogg, who has been speaking in Michigan, has returned to Ohio. Of late he has spoken in Clyde, Painesville and Thompson, and, as usual, gave the best of satisfaction. He is a very popular and effective speaker. His permanent address is East Trumbull, Ohio.

We again earnestly request our friends in every part of Ohio to write for the Age. Reports of meetings and lectures, sketches of mediums, accounts of remarkable tests and physical manifestations, are always very welcome. Tell us of the condition and progress of our cause in your section. Short, condensed articles on reformatory subjects are gladly received. We renew our request for correspondence with officers of Societies and Lyceums.

An exchange informs us that ninety seven Presbyterian churches have been planted among the freed people of the South since the close of the war. The churches are keenly alive to every means of increasing their power. If Spiritualists were one tenth as zealous and enthusiastic in the missionary work as church members are, what rapid progress our cause would make.

LETTER FROM MRS. WOODHULL.

Editor Present Age:—In a recent editorial in your paper I am charged with certain improprieties, and incivilities unbecoming to any but the most vulgar-minded person. The article is entitled, "An Unjust Charge," and quotes from a recent article of mine, what it denominates "extraordinary words," and these it calls a "statement that does gross injustice to Mrs. Britten and Mr. Tuttle" being "utterly false," and "displaying a spirit of bitterness, hatred and intolerance."

Mr. Editor, I am thus charged by you with displaying a spirit unworthy of any one who claims to be a reformer, and of falsehood which does certain persons gross injustice. If this be true I deserve the severest censure. If it be false, the censure belongs elsewhere. I propose to show, first, that I was justified in saying every word I said, and second, that the charge prefered against me can be better sustained against the individuals you defend, and the defender.

First, let me analyze just what I did say; and all, not half, I said, which was as follows:

"I know of no person, or persons, who have any right, any authority or any capacity to dictate to me as to whom or how long I may love. I am equally unprepared to determine it for any body else. Emma Hardinge Britten, Hudson Tuttle, and their associates, I *suppose*, are commissioned for this purpose since the former asserts that she knows who are, and who are not fitted for freedom. This may be all true, but before they can determine it for me, I shall demand their authority; and if they cannot produce it I shall say they are presuming despots; and I shall not say one thing for the public, and something quite different for the private ear."

Now what have I asserted by these words? First: the right to determine my love matters for myself. Second: ignoring all right to do the same for anybody else. Third: the presumption that the people referred to do claim the right to interfere with the right claimed by me. Fourth: before I shall permit them to determine this question for me I shall demand their authority. Fifth: if they attempt it, and cannot show authority, I shall call them presuming despots.

The first and second divisions need not be discussed here. The third, my presumption, requires defense. I have made a claim for the right to exercise certain individual powers. This claim is condemned in unmeasured terms. If I do not possess the right it must lie elsewhere, and among the persons named and their associates. Who are their associates? All those who do not maintain, as I do, that they have no right to determine the question for anybody except themselves. Now I ask you if I was not warranted in supposing—mark you I did not assert it positively—that they claimed they have *some* authority in determining for me what they proclaim I have not the right to determine for myself? but it remains for you to answer yes! or no! As to the fourth; if any person presumes to interfere with my decisions as to whom I may love, I shall most certainly demand their authority before submitting to it, and if I am not greatly mistaken you, too, if I was to slip into your private house and affairs and attempt to dictate to you whom you should or should not love, or how long a time you might love, would object, and perhaps in tones less mild even than I affirmed I should use. I ask if you would not do so, to which you must answer, yes! or no! under your charge.

As to the fifth, I did not say these persons *are* presuming despots; but I did say, if they should attempt (which they have not as yet) to dictate to me in the matter of my love, and could not produce a competent authority, I should call them presuming despots.

Now I ask what has become of your "unjust charge?" of what does it consist? of what have I charged Mrs. Hardinge or Hudson Tuttle? Will you please point it out. Since I am unable to find the charge, I *suppose* they claim a right. I do not say they do, but if they do then they deserve this appellation. If they deny my supposition, then there is no question between us. But why have they made one? It remains for them to reply whether they do or do not make the claim I suppose they make by denying the right I claim, and if they deny it and I afterward affirm it, I should be open to your charge.

And in what have I done Mrs. Britten and Mr. Tuttle "gross injustice," and what have I stated that is "false," and what that is "unjust and uncharitable," and how have I "misrepresented or personally abused an opponent?" But you owe it to yourself to clearly, plainly and unequivocally sustain the above allegations, since I disclaim having done anybody gross injustice, having spoken falsely of any one or of having personally abused or willfully misrepresented either Mrs. Britten or Mr. Tuttle. And if I have done neither of these wrong in what have I "displayed a spirit of bitterness, hatred and intolerance unworthy a true reformer?" But such a spirit has been displayed by some one. If not by me, by whom?

Since you have brought the matter of personalities before your readers I may be excused if I return a charge; and if you are not partial you may feel compelled to defend me against others. In a recent article in the *Banner of Light*, Emma Hardinge Britten makes use of the following language which you may deem extraordinary:—at least I will leave it to you to denominate. The communication bears date New York, and the extract I make is as follows:

"The doctrinal and philosophical phases of Spiritualism are as highly esteemed in this city as ever; but the audacious utterances of licentiousness and sensuality propounded in the name and on the authority of "the spirits" have done much to repel high-toned and spiritually minded thinkers from associative action, and scenes when the pure and holy name of Spiritualism is made to cover the most outrageous and unblushing animalism."

Now in this language directed against me by Mrs. Britten, I am charged with audacious utterances of licentiousness and sensuality in the name of "the spirits" as an excuse "to cover the most outrageous, unblushing animalism."

Could the most degraded woman of "The Tombs" deserve a more severe and sweeping condemnation? If you can find one who merits a worse charge, she must be a degraded creature indeed. But this person against whom Mrs. Britten brings this grave charge, you assisted to elect President of the American Association of Spiritualists, and of her you have printed commendatory notices in your paper: but you now defend Mrs. Britten against a supposition and insinuate that the supposer lies in making the supposition. I do not attempt to say in what spirit Mrs. Britten made that unkind charge. But I met her after it was made, and during the conversation she admitted that *she* and *I* were capable of freedom but that the *masses* were *not*. I told her I did not feel authorized to speak for any one but myself. Now mark you, was I in error in assuming that she claimed the right of determining who are and who are not, capable of freedom, and I leave you to reply, and justify your charge against me if you can. I do not "*speak one thing for the public, and quite a different thing for the private ear.*"

In regard to Mr. Tuttle, it would be superfluous for me to enter into extensive quotations to show the many charges made by him about me and matters in which I am engaged. Suffice it to say that beginning, by putting up a job to become President of the American Association, and being successful, I have made every possible use of it which a low, cunning and designing person could possibly think of. These things are notorious among Spiritualists and do not require quotations to support them here. None of them, however, may have been the result of any but the most admirable spirit, but I must confess the appearances are against such a presumption; yet I do not profess to be able to judge Hudson Tuttle. With a few words regarding myself I will close. I neither desired nor sought the Presidency of the Association; and I was more surprised by my election than anyone else could possibly have been. Elected, I did not resign my individuality, and since have done nothing outside of Spiritualism proper that I should not have done had I not been elected. I have neither designedly or otherwise made use of Spiritualism to aid me in anything; on the contrary, I have done all I could to show that Spiritualism was a humanitarian religion—large enough to embrace all kinds of reform, and all persons. Such is my Spiritualism, and if the American Association do not endorse it, I am only sorry that their Spiritualism is not large enough for me. The height of my offending has been to assert an individual right; the same as I would assert the right to go to China, Australia or to any other locality; which is not saying that I intend to go to all of them; but that I have the right to decide for myself, if I desire to go, when and where it shall be. It is just as simple a matter as this which has raised the virtuous indignation that has been showered upon me from so many quarters.

During my Presidency, I shall recommend Spiritualists to do what in my best judgment I think they ought to do, and thus best perform my duty to them. I have recommended that they shall act politically, with a due and full regard for human rights; and to show their disapproval of the present political corruption. My accusers say I do this for personal ambition. I reply that they can by no possibility know whether that is true or false. But whether true or false, they should neither approve or disapprove upon that ground; but upon the ground whether it is right or wrong in itself, regardless of my connection with it.

Most of all, the political action that I desire, is the adoption of a new constitution, which shall secure to every person, whether Spiritualist or not, every individual right—every human right; and which shall guarantee the administration of equal and exact justice to all. The one I have prepared cuts off nearly every power possessed by the present chief magistrate, leaving that officer a mere servant to obey the will of the people. Does this look as if I want to be the coming president to secure political power, or that I want Spiritualists to rule the country as sectarians? It does not appear so to me. I think it looks like a desire on my part that the people shall become their own rulers. But whether it does or does not, I can conscientiously affirm the wish that a sufficient number of persons would take up the cause of the people to permit me to rest. I am weary of all this tumult, turmoil and bitterness exhibited over me, and I earnestly hope some holy soul will spring up, against whom there will be no possibility of such feeling as there is against me, who shall come with authority which no Spiritualist, at least, will be able to say is pretended. To such an one I will gladly give all I have to give, and thank the Spirit World for her coming; since it is woman who shall come. In the mean time I shall humbly and reverently perform the duty required of me, turning neither to the right nor the left, even if everybody charges me with mere pretention as to the origin and foundation of my inspiration. I may be called whatever it may please the people, it can neither make the call true or false. And whether what I claim, be true or false, those whom I profess to serve will decide in their own good time. That time will surely come and I neither fear its coming nor the demonstration it will bring.

Yours for the good of humanity,

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

44 Broad St., N. Y., March 26th, 1872.

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